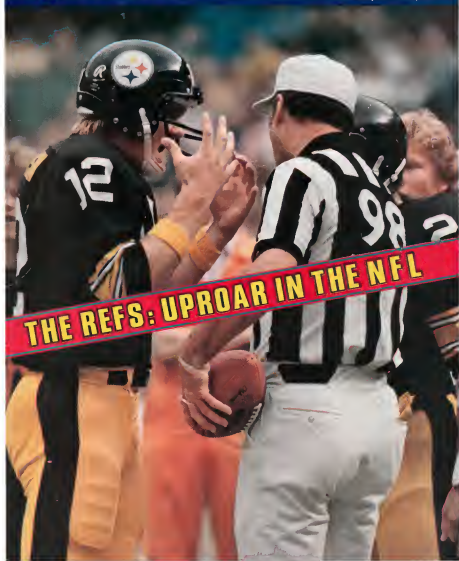


# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 9, 1978

\$1.25



**THE REFS: UPROAR IN THE NFL**

# 1979 FORD LTD

More front seat room  
More rear seat room  
More handling ease  
More window area  
More driver convenience  
...than the 1978 LTD.



LTD Landau 4-Door Sedan



# INTRODUCING A NEW AMERICAN ROAD CAR.

For even more →

# 1979 FORD LTD



## A NEW AMERICAN

The 1979 Ford LTD was engineered to make driving on today's American Roads a pleasure. LTD offers a new combination of roominess, handling ease and driver convenience.

### MORE INTERIOR ROOM

This year's LTD has been designed with more passenger room inside to help give you comfort on even the longest trips with more head room, leg room and shoulder room—front seat and back—than last year's LTD. Yet the new LTD is actually easier handling and easier parking than before.

### MORE HANDLING EASE

A modern Road Car must offer good maneuverability for today's demanding town and city driving conditions. The 1979 LTD is engineered with a suspension sys-

tem that helps make it easier handling. And more...

In addition to its standard 5.0 litre V-8 engine, the full-size 1979 LTD offers you an impressive list of standard features. In 2-door, 4-door, and Wagon models. They include: Select-shift cruise-automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, DuraSpark electronic ignition, steel-belted radials, and more.

### A CAR FOR TODAY'S AMERICAN ROAD

The Ford LTD for 1979 is an all-new, full-size car that combines



LTD Landau Interior



LTD Luridau 2-Door Sedan

# ROAD CAR.



LTD Country Squire Wagon.

Road Car room, convenience, and handling designed for the American Roads of today.

Before you buy any full-size car this year, test drive the new LTD on your own roads. Now available at over 5,600 Ford Dealers across America... a new American Road Car for 1979.

Compare 4-door LTD's road car roominess with any other full-size car.

	FRONT	REAR
Head Room	38.0"	37.4"
Leg Room	42.0"	40.6"
Shoulder Room	61.7"	61.7"
Hip Room	61.2"	58.0"
Trunk Space	21 cu. ft.	
Standard Engine	V-8 (5.0 Litre)	
Turning Circle	39 ft.	



**FORD LTD**

FORD DIVISION



# The Preferred Taste



**Salem Lights.**  
**America's largest selling**  
**low tar menthol cigarette.**  
**More and more smokers prefer**  
**the mellow flavor,**  
**cooling menthol and**  
**total satisfaction.**

## Salem Lights



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



get the  
tv  
picture...



get it  
better...

get it ALL  
with a  
Winegard!

If your present antenna is over 7 years old, it is probably worn out, damaged, or corroded. You're not getting the picture you should. "Ghosts", "snow" and weak color are some of the TV problems you can solve with a Winegard antenna.

• A Winegard gives you better, stronger TV pictures on all available channels, even those tough to get UHF stations.

• Winegard's patented design captures more signal. Rugged construction and exclusive silver anodizing assures long life and weather resistance.

Your TV service man or Winegard dealer has the antenna best for your area, or can get it for you. Ask him about Winegard's top quality and our TV reception products for outdoors, indoors, attics and RV use.

For better TV... get it now with.

**WINEGARD**  
The Winegard Company  
3000 Kirkwood St. • Burlington, Iowa, 52601

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Terry Todd writes about strong men, as he does about Allen Turner, the champion arm wrestler, in the story beginning on page 56, he knows whereof he writes. The only time he competed, he won the Texas state championship. Moreover, in 1964, when Todd was 26 and the sport of power lifting was in its infancy, Todd was its first superheavy weight champion. He weighed 340 pounds then. When he retired from competition in 1967, he had set 15 world records and was considered by many of his contemporaries to be the strongest man in the world.

In recent years, Todd, now 40 and down to 270 pounds, has farmed 100 acres in Nova Scotia's Lunenburg County, taught educational sociology at Dalhousie University in Halifax, and coached his wife Jan (SI, Nov. 14, 1977) to 14 women's world power lifting records.

More and more these days, as interest in the strength sports grows, Todd writes about them, using as his office a large room in a converted chicken barn. A burlap bag of seed, suspended by a rope from the rafters, hangs in midair over his desk, safe from marauding mice. His current project, a book for Simon and Schuster is, he reports, his-

torical, broadly sociological and tentatively titled *Strong Men, Strong Women. His Fitness for Athletes and Inside Powerlifting*, both published early this year by Contemporary Books, are in their second and third printings.

A favorite target of Todd's scholarship has been the professional strongmen—and women—who entertained audiences with feats of strength here and in Europe in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. This past summer Terry and Jan were invited to revive the tradition at the Multnomah County Fair in Portland, Ore. On a low stage, under a canvas roof, they performed on two consecutive weekends, bending iron spikes, crumpling bottle caps with two fingers and raising platforms loaded with children on their sturdy backs.

"We did some regular lifting, showing the difference between Olympic weight lifting and power lifting," Terry says, "and we re-created some of the stunts that strongmen used to do at fairs and carnivals. We were leery about it at first. We thought we might get heckled. But we were shocked at how nice and respectful people were. And how interested."

One of Terry's specialties at the fair was a bit of business having to do with a sledgehammer. He would hold the hammer in one hand at arm's length, shoulder height, with the hammerhead straight up. Then, using the muscles of his wrist, he would let the hammerhead fall, ever so slowly, toward his nose.

"It's a good stunt, because it's showy and looks dangerous," says Todd. "Which it is—a little."

Once, when someone asked Todd what drove him all those years that he was lifting, and aching, and lifting some more, he replied, for all weight lifters, "Something calls to you." Happily, something also called him to write about his calling.



TODD, ONE OF OUR BIGGER AUTHORS

*Let's F. Sutton*



Waveform fidelity. You'll find it in our amps, our tuners, our receivers and our speakers. It's the ability to produce music that's virtually a mirror image of the original. It sounds better than good. It sounds live.

Now Technics gives you our first headphones with waveform fidelity. Technics Linear-Drive headphones.

How did we do it? It wasn't easy. Because our engineers know you don't hear music through headphones the same way you hear a sound source through the air. That's why Technics Linear-Drive headphones were designed to match the acoustic characteristics of the human ear.

As sound travels through the air, the contours of the head and the canals of the ear create two frequency peaks which cause certain musical tones to sound louder than others. When headphones are worn, however, one of those two frequency peaks disappears. But by recreating that missing peak, Technics Linear-Drive headphones have just the right tonal balance between lows, midrange and highs.

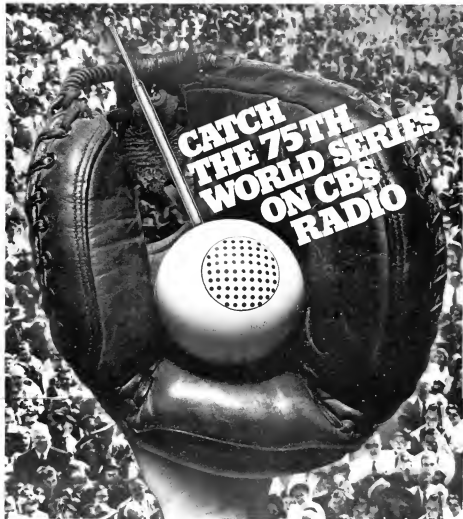
But that wasn't all we had to do to give Technics Linear-Drive headphones waveform fidelity. The headphone driver units had to be designed with a lightweight vibration system capable of producing high-frequency extension and phase linearity.

Technics Linear-Drive headphones: the EAH-B30 (shown below), EAH-B20 and EAH-B10. They're our biggest achievement in headphones because they give you our biggest achievement in sound: Waveform fidelity.

# Technics

## Introducing Technics biggest achievement in headphones: Waveform fidelity.





All the baseball games of summer come down to the best of four out of seven games in October. Win Elliot will bring you the color with play-by-play from other top sportscasters.

**THE WORLD SERIES STARTS  
OCTOBER 10 AT 8:15 PM\* EASTERN TIME  
ON THE CBS RADIO NETWORK**

\*Hear it at 7:15 PM Central Time, 6:15 PM Mountain Time and 5:15 PM Pacific Time.

# An appeal to your reason.

Most bourbon ads appeal to just your senses.

We think that's not enough.

Because when it comes to enjoying a truly fine bourbon, it's your senses coupled with your reason that's going to let you taste and enjoy the best bourbon you've ever had.

We want you to take at least half an hour to sip, savor and enjoy Walker's DeLuxe.

Why half an hour?

Because timing is the key.

It's the time it takes to appreciate all the smoothness Walker's DeLuxe gives you.

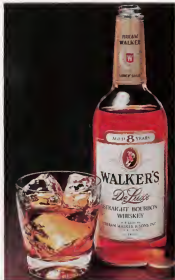
Of course, all liquor should be consumed with judgment and moderation, but Walker's DeLuxe is special. Because the slower you drink it the better it gets.

We age Walker's DeLuxe a full eight years to get that richness and well-rounded flavor it's famous for.

And you know if we take eight years to age Walker's DeLuxe, it's only logical you should take at least half an hour to enjoy it.

It's well worth every minute.

Perhaps you'll drink less Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon in the process, but you'll get more pleasure when you do.



**WALKER'S**  
DE LUXE BOURBON

AGED **8** YEARS



An opening night, a gallery filled with great art, a show-stopping performance, a scientific wonder, a visit into space, a journey across America, a rally, a reunion, a requiem, a gala, a celebration, a fad, a fashion, a festival ... wherever there's a story that can be told in pictures, whenever there's an event to be understood or some moment to be enjoyed, you will find it in the pages of the new monthly magazine with the time-honored name — LIFE.

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"Quality.  
Taste. Tradition.  
These have  
made us the  
Head of the  
Bourbon Family."  
—Grand-Dad



For generations,  
Head of the Bourbon Family.

## BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARLEY

### A BARRAGE OF CLICHÉS SENDS 'THE WORLD SERIES' OFF TO THE SHOWERS

This year marks the 75th anniversary of the World Series, which is to say that for the 75th time Americans will take about a week's break from their ordinary routine to go bananas over a couple of baseball teams. There is no event quite like it on the American sports calendar. The Kentucky Derby and the Super Bowl challenge its popularity, but one lasts only a few minutes and the other a few, too often dull, hours, so the Series' diamond jubilee warrants a rousing cheer.

It also warrants a book (everything seems to warrant a book these days) and here we have *The World Series: A 75th Anniversary* (Simon and Schuster, \$14.95) edited by Joseph L. Reichler. It is a production of the Major League Baseball Promotion Corporation, and its central message is that the World Series is wonderful. It is, indeed, but the book isn't. Thanks to reasonably attractive design and a lot of interesting pictures, *The World Series* is a pleasure to look at, but it is not much of a pleasure to read.

Most of the 25 articles are by Reichler, a former wire-service reporter who is now a special assistant to Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. He knows his baseball and is a treasure house of anecdotes, but his years with the Associated Press did irreparable damage to his prose. Walter Johnson, according to Reichler, "was the undisputed king of the hill." In Don Larsen's perfect game, "the fans . . . were sitting on a powder keg with a lighted fuse." And nothing is more exciting than "the pulse-pounding pressure of World Series hysteria."

To give credit where due, however, Reichler's clichés are not notably worse than those of the other contributors: Joe Duroe, James T. Farrell, Miz Lillan Carter, Roy Campanella, Joe Garagiola, Mel Allen and Leo Durocher. All of them have interesting stories to tell, but much of that interest is lost in the telling.

You can, of course, forgive a coffee-table book its prone if its pictures are good, and many of those in *The World Series* are fine. But its statistical appendix is not as "complete" as advertised. A composite box score of each Series and a line score of each game are given, but box scores of each game are not—and they are invaluable to anyone who wants to dig into Series history (You can find them in another book called *World Series*, published by The Dial Press in 1976.)

What this anniversary volume adds up to is a moderately pleasant browse. It should—and could—have been much more. **END**

# Now we can replace a lost American Express Card in just one day. And you won't suffer while you wait.

**N**ow in an emergency, most lost or stolen American Express Cards can be replaced fast—usually by the end of the next business day. That is pretty tough for any other card to beat. But, sometimes, even a day can seem like a long time.

Let's just say you're in a strange country, 6,000 miles from home, and you've lost your wallet. Card, money, travelers cheques, checkbook, luggage, plane tickets. Well, surprisingly, all is not lost. Simply go to the nearest American Express Travel Service Office. There are more than 700 of them all around the world.

Here's what they'll do for you:



After the Travel Service Office establishes your identity as a Cardmember, most Cardmembers will find they can get a new Card usually by the close of the next business day. Or, in some locations, right on the spot.



If you've also lost your money, they'll fix you up with emergency cash against your checking account—even if you've lost your checkbook. With up to \$450 worth of American Express Travelers Cheques and \$50 in local currency, subject to local regulations.



If you need lodging until the replacement Card arrives, they'll simply make a phone call to assure you of a room for the night. And so you won't go hungry, they can even arrange for meals.



Lost plane tickets are also a problem they can help solve. They'll confirm a new reservation, and issue a new ticket. And advise you about ticket refunding. And if, for example, you lose the Card in Singapore and are due in Tokyo the next day, they can arrange things so you can pick up the new Card in Tokyo. Or in many other cities all around the world where you'll find American Express Travel Service Offices.

\*American Express Company, its subsidiaries and Representatives.

As a Cardmember you have the convenience of worldwide charging privileges, but more than that, we feel you deserve the same respected treatment whether you have the Card in your hand or not. You can always call upon the worldwide resources of American Express. And if you aren't already a Cardmember, call 800-528-8000 for an application.

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.



# A FRESH NEW SL



## Meet the trim and timely 1979 Malibu.

America is really getting behind our crisp mid-size Malibu. What's the attraction?

The looks. The size. The room. The feel. The value. The name. In short, the car.

For a lot of people, in a lot of ways, Malibu is "Mr. Right" on wheels.

## The right size: Quick and maneuverable.

You're going to love the way Malibu moves and feels and responds. Quickly. Quietly.

It threads through tight city traffic with agility and parks easily even where space is squeezed yet out on the open road, Malibu's Full Coil suspension with front stabilizer bar helps give it

an impressive ride.

## The right room: More head room, leg room and trunk room.

The new-size Malibu has more head room and leg room than the '77 Malibu it replaced.

It's got the kind of comfort the whole family will appreciate on trips.

And the trunk is surprisingly large for a car of such trim dimensions: 16.6 cu. ft. of usable luggage capacity.

## The right ingredients: Body by Fisher and other delights.

The doors, the hood and the deck lid all feature strong, double-panel construction.

You get the toughness of a full-perimeter frame



# CE OF APPLE PIE.



1979 Malibu Classic Sedan

You get fiberglass-belted radial ply tires, a Delco Freedom battery that never needs refilling, High Energy Ignition, full-time flow-through ventilation, extensive corrosion-resisting treatments. And much, much more.

**The right name: Chevrolet.**

Like baseball, hot dogs and apple pie—Chevrolet is an American favorite.

Chevrolet has a way of being in the right place with the right cars at the right time, and the 1979 Malibu is a prime example.

Talk to your Chevrolet dealer soon about buying or leasing a new Chevy Malibu.

You're going to eat it up.

# '79 CHEVY MALIBU

**Chevrolet**

# Wrangler®

Wrangler thinks  
Americans  
should get what  
they pay for.

That's your  
right and our  
responsibility.

Wrangler has  
as many looks  
as men have  
lifestyles.

Wrangler Men'swear,  
250 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001  
© 1976 by Blue Bell, Inc.



We remember the "W" is Silent.



# Shopwalk

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

## THE BICKERTON PORTABLE BIKE REALLY FOLDS UP WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH

Would you believe an absolutely theft-proof bicycle? Up to now, the so-called portable or folding bike has been neither as transportable nor as collapsible as its name implies: it weighs too much (usually about 40 pounds), takes some tussling to fit into the trunk of a car (fixed handlebars can get in the way), usually requires a wrench to put it together and needs separate accommodations on a train or plane.

Enter the Bickerton Portable bicycle from England, where, at the 1976 Business Efficiency Exhibitions, it was listed among the 20 best British inventions in the last 20 years. The Bickerton comes in single- or three-speed, the latter weighing 25 pounds. The bicycle can be assembled or disassembled in less than a minute without tools (the unofficial record is 30 seconds) and, when folded, fits into a canvas tote bag that otherwise hangs from the handlebars. The folded bike is so compact (30" by 20" by 10") that, packed in its canvas bag, it can be suspended from a hat rack, stored on a shelf or checked in a restaurant cloakroom. It also meets U.S. safety standards.

Made mostly of aluminum alloy (no paint to chip), the Bickerton is virtually rust-free. The handlebars and mattress-type seat can be quickly adjusted to accommodate any rider, child or adult. Wheels are equipped with Michelin white tires, the 57-tooth chain wheel requires only the scantiest lubrication, and the racing-type transmission makes the Bickerton easier to ride than a conventional bicycle. The biker puts it all together with fixed "quick action clamps."

The portable was the brainchild of Harry Bickerton, an aerocengineer who, before he got into hand-carried bicycles, was in charge of design and development for de Havilland Aircraft, which built the Spitfire.

Now for the bad news: The three-speed costs \$395; the single-speed, which weighs only 22 pounds, \$350. But before you do a double take, ask yourself how much you paid for your current bike, and how much it would cost you to replace it if you went to the bike rack and found only an empty space.

The Bickerton Portable is obviously ideal for harried urbanites. The empty tote bag can carry an executive's briefcase, a student's textbooks or 20 pounds of groceries. For dealers in your area, query Handlegem's, 16 Reservoir Rd., White Plains, N.Y. 10603. You may soon join those chaps in England who call themselves Bickertonians.

END

# Get the feel of a WINNER.



## The Winner II Runner.

Studied outsole and extended heel for traction. Fiddle-shank and crepe heel wedge for lightness and support. See the entire line of Winner II Imported

Sportshoes at The Shoe Place, in most larger Sears retail stores.

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1978

# RCA announces SelectaVision 400.

The video cassette recorder  
that turns on and off  
and changes channels  
for a whole week  
...all by itself.



Think of the four shows you want to put on video tape this week. The game on Monday, the special on Wednesday, perhaps the Friday movie, or something educational for the kids.

Now, simply by touching a few buttons, you program your selections into the timer of

the incredible new SelectaVision 400.

The rest is automatic: The 400 will turn itself on at kickoff time, silently record the game, then turn itself off. When it's time for your second selection, the 400 turns itself to the proper channel and starts

recording again—automatically. The entire schedule is preset by you up to a whole week in advance—as many as four different shows or even the same program for seven straight days.

And you've got up to four hours before changing cassettes.



The 400's programmable timer turns the recorder on and off and changes channels—automatically. Set it up to seven days in advance!

### New electronic tuning.

A new programmable timer isn't all that's new about the 400. Now, for example, channel selection happens at the touch of a button instead of twisting a dial. It's electronic. And so is the 400's new tape indexing system. The 400 will automatically cue up the program you record at precisely the right point.



The 400's new vectorator tuner. To select the right channel, just touch a button.

### New color cameras.

Now you've got more options than ever in SelectaVision optional equipment. To start with, there are two new black-and-white cameras, one with a Canon zoom lens.

But the really exciting news is color. Now SelectaVision offers two optional color cameras for your home productions. Again, one offers a Canon zoom lens (plus an electronic viewfinder). Both new color cameras are easy to handle. So is the price. With the

introduction of these new cameras, RCA has made in-home color video taping a very affordable option.



Optional color cameras let you create your own home SelectaVision productions. Model CC202 features a Canon 611 zoom lens.

### Up to four hours on a single cassette.

Remember, SelectaVision is the four-hour video cassette recorder from RCA. You can't buy more than four hours on one cassette.

So, with SelectaVision 400, there shouldn't be any cassette-changing interruptions in your favorite shows. Nor any missed endings.

### And the 400 has more to offer.

One look at the 400's intelligent new design, and you know you're dealing with a whole new generation of video recorders. But, we haven't left out the things that have made SelectaVision so popular. Like a remote pause control—you can start and stop SelectaVision from up to 20 feet away. Like a direct-drive motor for precise operation. Like special circuitry that automatically compensates for changing signal strength. And like high-quality video tape made to our own rigid specifications.



RCA tape is made to our own high standards to ensure picture quality and long life.

It's all there in the new 400. Go see it at your RCA SelectaVision Dealer.

Now you can have the best of television. And you can have it a whole week at a time. On the new SelectaVision 400. The 4-hour video cassette recorder with 7-day memory.



**CAUTION:** The unauthorized recording of television programs and other materials may infringe the rights of others.

Let RCA turn your television into  
**SelectaVision.™**

"Our brandy agrees with the taste of fruit. It makes a sour more delicious. And only we make The Christian Brothers Brandy. Our tradition of quality is your assurance that the taste is always good—light, mellow and smooth—any way it's served."

*Brother Timothy F.S.C.*  
Cellarmaster

*Photographed at Mission La Salvia, our monastery and winery in the Papia Valley*



## From The Christian Brothers of California

WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTION THROUGH LOCAL LICENSEES IN SAN FRANCISCO & ALBUQUERQUE IS A BRANDY OF PROOF

# Footloose

by DAN LEVIN

## WHEN SUMMER ENDS, BLOCK ISLAND IS THE HAUNT OF LEGENDS AND SPIRITS

Block Island, famous for bluefish and striped bass, is a seven-by-three-mile, pork-chop-shaped wedge of ocean vistas and pond-dotted moors. The island lies 10 miles southeast of Point Judith, R.I., with the thin portion of the chop facing north. Point Judith is where you catch the ferry in the off-season, the best time to visit Block Island, especially if you fancy yourself a character in a Gothic novel. The island is perfect for brooding now, for silent stares at shuttered old hotels, where the year is always 1898. Signless dirt paths beckon the visitor through empty fields to the ever-changing shore, where the surfcaster will find the fall waters full of blues and bass. At this season the thickets abound with warblers, vireos and thrushes, while other exotic creatures—call them American Gothics—debark from the ferry to roam the russet moors and lean against the wind.

Only two lodgings are open year round on Block Island: the Gables Inn, a rooming house, and Neptune House, which has house-keeping apartments. The local night life can be found at Finn's Bar, a tiny, one-room establishment where a visitor asked recently, "What do you talk about here in winter?"

"Storms," he was told.

When summer wanes, the tourists and most residents go back to the mainland, leaving behind a crusty, insular breed, some 500 strong. Idle words are distributed to strangers like lobsters at a \$2.50 buffet, so if you visit in fall or winter, take along a good friend.

You should also bring an automobile, because the countryside provides the best entertainment. Bicycles and mopeds are available for rental until the snow falls, but they can be uncomfortable in a northeast storm. Drive along the southeast shore, peering through the mist at an endless web of stone walls, to the imposing spectacle of Monteban Bluffs. The bluffs extend westward for six miles, tumbling to a moonscape of a beach marked by giant boulders in the surf and deep coves with rocky points. Here, it is easy to pass an hour or two, especially if you're a surf fisherman, staring trance-like at the sea.

The western shore of Block Island is low but equally compelling, and at the island's northern tip lies Sandy Point, where a wild rip extending miles out to sea has spelled doom for hundreds of ships. Like all of the island, it is a place of legends and spirits, of phantom ships and endless moor. The time to appreciate this romantic aspect of Block Island is now.

END

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# SCORECARD

Edited by RAY KENNEDY

## BUCKING THE SYSTEM

When bettors at Connecticut's three jai alai frontons say their money has flown South, they aren't kidding. Theodore A. Driscoll, in a series of articles in *The Hartford Courant*, reports that last year two-thirds of the big winnings at the frontons went to out-of-state residents, the most conspicuous of whom were a group of young gamblers from Florida who specialize in buying inside information.

Known as the "Miami syndicate," the principals in the group, which was headed by Rodney Woods, were familiar figures at the Connecticut frontons until very recently. Too familiar for the gaming commission. Betting trifectas—picking the first three teams in the order of their finish—the group improved its chance by paying "gratuities" to fronton employees for data not generally available to other bettors. At all three frontons the syndicate had access to computer printouts that summarized the action every 90 seconds while the wagering was still going on. In system betting that kind of information is a bit like knowing your opponent's hole cards in stud poker.

For one thing, a running account of how many bets have been placed on each of the 336 trifecta combinations allows the system bettor to lay off the heavily played numbers and play the less popular ones. Also, the printout permits high rollers to drive other system players out of the game by betting the rivals' numbers so heavily that they will lose money even if their number wins, which is a tactic that the Miami group allegedly used.

According to the *Courant*, Woods' system could have netted nearly \$1 million in just the first seven months of 1976. Over a complete season, says the *Courant*, the system could win about \$1.12 for every \$1 bet—a 12% profit. By comparison, the average bettor wins about 82¢ for every \$1 bet, or a loss of 18%.

Woods wagered about \$5 million annually in Connecticut, and he and his compatriots were hosted royally. Rarely

did they stand in line or pay cash for their tickets. Those duties were performed by fronton employees, says the *Courant*, some of whom earned more from Woods than they did from their regular jobs.

At Bridgeport Jai Alai, which provided the Miami group with a private lounge complete with TV monitors and ticket-punching machines, Woods reportedly got the printouts from Basil French, the mutuels manager.

At Hartford Jai Alai, he got his printouts from Mark Wiesenfeld, the assistant mutuels manager. When management halted that practice, Woods worked through John DeWees, a ticket puncher who was allegedly in contact with Wiesenfeld in the computer room. DeWees is no longer a fronton employee, French and Wiesenfeld are still on the job.

But it was at Milford Jai Alai, where Woods had a cozy relationship with Frederick Vines, the official handicapper, that the Florida mastermind ran afoul of the law. Last month Woods pleaded guilty to charges that he bribed Vines to rig his picks. Vines also pleaded guilty to the bribery charge. After he paid a \$7,500 fine, Woods was barred from pari-mutuel betting in Connecticut and he and his partners faded from the scene.

While safeguards have been taken to prevent the reemergence of a Woods & Co., Lester Snyder, of the gaming commission, fears, "They could still be betting through agents and friends, so there's no way of knowing if they really are out of business in Connecticut."

But are the safeguards sufficient to protect the honest bettor? Astonishingly, French, Wiesenfeld and DeWees were not committing any crime when they gave the printouts to Woods. Bettors beware.

## HAZARDOUS LIE

At the Hillside Golf Club in Umatilla, Rhodesia, when members talk about assaulting a bunker they don't necessarily mean what you think. The club directors re-

cently devised a new rule that allows a player whose shot has landed in a morian-shell crater to move the ball without penalty. The course had been struck by 21 shells during an artillery barrage by black nationalist guerrillas.

## NATURE'S FIRST CURATOR

The scene was right out of the late, late spook show. In the dead of night, while coyotes howled in the distance, someone or—shudder!—some thing was prowling the dank recesses of the man-made cave in the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson and making off with the bones and fur from the prehistoric ground sloth exhibit. Clearly a caper worthy of Vincent Price or The Blob.

The dark mystery came to light a few weeks ago when William Panczner, the museum's curator of earth sciences, noted the disappearance of a snatch of acrylic sloth fur. Then, one by one, the ce-



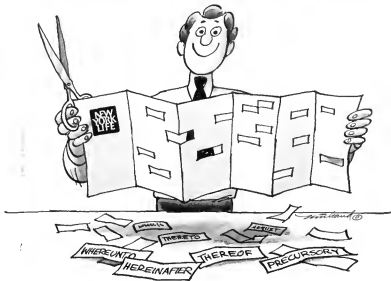
ramic bones and other bits of the exhibit vanished. On occasion, the marauder seemed bent on making the display more authentic by leaving behind prickly pears and coyote bones. Other times, as if to debunk the prehistoric label, he/she/it strewed the area with gum wrappers.

As suspicions mounted, Panczner took flashlight in hand and, following a telltale trail to a niche in the plastic rocks, discovered the culprit's hideout—a pack rat's nest furnished with sloth fur.

An indulgent landlord, Panczner says he is "delighted that a pack rat found our depiction of a limestone cave so realistic that he moved in." Though he "only met the critter once"—a brief, chance encounter one rainy afternoon—

continued

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he recognizes its squatter's rights. The acquisitive pack rats, he says, are "nature's first curators, collecting cactus and other local plant and animal remains for their nests." In fact, pack-rat middens, preserved in urine and dating back some 20,000 years, are now recognized as "miniature museums" and are a rich source of study for paleontologists.

"Our guest was merely building his own display," says Panczner, who has worked out a loan arrangement with the wee timorous beastie. Artifacts borrowed at night are recovered by day—with one exception. "We finally gave up on the simulated hair," Panczner says. "If he felt he needed it worse than we did, we let him have it. He's probably the only pack rat in existence with a fur-lined nest."

Besides, it wouldn't do for a fellow curator to bed down on cactus spines.

#### LOCKER-ROOM LIBERATION

A year ago, after she was barred from the locker rooms at Yankee Stadium during the 1977 World Series, SI Reporter Melissa Ludtke Lincoln—and Time Inc.—brought a suit based on sex discrimination against the club, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and the City of New York. Last week, stating that the locker-room ban on female reporters put them at a "severe competitive disadvantage" with their male colleagues, U.S. District Court Judge Constance Baker Motley ordered that women be given equal access to those rooms at the Stadium.

The Yankee locker room immediately became a showcase for female TV reporters, apparently there to show how their presence affected the ballplayers. It didn't. When the opening-night hoopla subsided, the women sports reporters made use of their newly won access, uneventfully joining their male counterparts in postgame interviews.

Indeed, as *Newsday* columnist Bill Nack was told by Yankee Outfielder Paul Blair, "If she's got a serious job to do, I can put up with it. I'm uncomfortable about it, but I don't begrudge people doing their jobs." Added Pitcher Ron Guidry, "If you have something personal about it, if you feel shy, all you have to do is drape a towel around yourself."

Nonetheless, the Yankee front office and Kuhn disagreed. At week's end, Judge Motley granted a defense motion to amend her original order so that the players would have the option of dressing in complete privacy. All reporters,

male and female, would be admitted for 15 minutes immediately after the game. Then the locker room would be closed for 30 more minutes before being reopened. This seemed hardly Solomonic to many reporters, who interpreted it as a deliberate attempt to turn the men writers against the women.

What dismays as is Kuhn's stance. Last fall, before Lincoln filed her suit, he asserted that if baseball's locker-room access rule was shown to be unfair, he would willingly change it. But last week, stonewalling—not change—seemed to be foremost on Kuhn's mind. Not only did he return to court to obtain the ruling, but he also seemed intent on limiting any change to Yankee Stadium. In a message to the other 25 clubs, Kuhn told them not to worry. They were not affected by the new rule, he said. It appeared that Kuhn hadn't gotten the message. The times they are a-changin'.

#### A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

When Pete Rose visited the nation's capital last week to meet President Carter and be honored by Congress, at least one Washington notable was not sure what position he plays. Elizabeth Roy, former secretary to Representative Wayne Hays, was standing on the steps of the Capitol when Rose and his entourage departed. "I came back for some things I left in my office two years ago," she explained. "What's all the excitement about?"

"Pete Rose was just here," she was told. "Oh, I know him," she said. "Wasn't he on the House Ways and Means Committee with Wayne?"

#### BUM NOTS

No one ever accused Calvin Griffith of putting one foot in his mouth when two are better. Still, appearing before the Lions Club in Waseca, Minn. last week, the flinty owner of the Minnesota Twins must have set some kind of Guinness record for MOST TOES STEPPED ON IN A 45-MINUTE HARANGUE.

For example, according to a copyrighted story in the *Minneapolis Tribune* by Nick Coleman, when asked why he moved the team north from Washington, D.C., Griffith said, "I'll tell you why we came to Minnesota. It was when I found out you only had 15,000 blacks here. Black people don't go to ball games, but they'll fill up a wrestling ring and put up such a chant it'll scare you to death. It's unbelievable. We came here because

you've got good, hard-working white people here."

Other bum notes:

• Rod Carew is "a damn fool for signing that contract. He only gets \$170,000, and we all know he's worth more than that."

• Butch Wynegar "had a miserable year. He was playing 'hands' with his wife during spring training, and instead of running around the outfield he did his running around the bedroom. Now, love is love. But it comes pretty cheap for these young ballplayers these days, and I think they should take advantage of that and wait to get married."

• Modern players "all carry an attache case with a hair dryer in it. And they've all got to have headphones on. You've got to have three seats on a plane for every two ballplayers so they can put their hi-fis and hair dryers down."

When the *Tribune* story broke, the reaction was immediate and sharp. Carew said, "I will not come back and play for a bigot. I'm not going to be another nigger on his plantation. The days of Kunta Kinte are over. I will never sign another contract with this organization." Griffith's response was true to form: "I believe in being blunt and honest."

#### BEAUTIFUL BARE

When the 1977 TV movie *A Love Affair: The Eleanor and Lou Gehrig Story* premiered on Greek TV recently, the film lost its subtitle but gained a racy subplot. Next to a scene from the film showing the Yankees' legendary No. 3 and No. 4—portrayed by actors Ramon Bieri and Edward Herrmann—locked in warm embrace, the blurb in *Greece's TV guide* magazine reported:

"A *Love Affair* is the title of a dramatic adventure that really happened. The film is about the love link between baseball player Lou Gehrig and the beautiful Babe Ruth. The idyll of the two young people ended up in marriage. But their happiness didn't last long. Mrs. Babe became very ill and . . ."

No wonder they wanted to bust up the Yankees.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Chuck Wepner, heavyweight boxer: "I was 6' 1" when I started fighting, but with all the uppercuts I'm up to 6' 5"."

• Johnny Unitas, on Billy Kalmer's wobbly opinion: "You have the option of catching it by either end." **END**

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# HOME FREE AT LAST

*When the dust finally settled after New York's record comeback and a dramatic last charge by the Red Sox, the Yankees won the AL East in a gripping extra game*

**I**t ended just the way it should have, with the tying run on third, the winning run on first and Carl Yastrzemski—Boston's Captain Carl—at the plate. Yaz took a mighty swing at the last pitch of an American League season that had gone into overtime, and the ball soared high—but neither deep nor fair. His foul pop to the left side was such a sure out that the Yankees started celebrating before it reached Graig Nettles' glove.

Thus New York won the American League East championship at Fenway Park Monday by defeating Boston 5-4 in a one-game playoff. And in the process the Yankees not only insured that the greatest comeback in AL history would not, at the last, fall short, but they also held off a valiant comeback attempt.

Fittingly, the Yankees also won Monday by coming back. Boston led 2-0 after six innings, on Yastrzemski's homer in the second and on Jim Rice's run-scoring single in the sixth. The Sox were not getting much off Ron Guidry, but they were getting enough, because the Yanks were getting nothing off Mike Torrez.

Until the seventh, that is. Then Chris

Chambliss and Roy White slapped base hits, and one out later Bucky Dent, who had four home runs this season, walloped a three-run homer into the leftfield netting that brought back memories of Bobby Thomson. But this would be no Coogan's Bluff Miracle. There was too much excitement to come. Mickey Rivers walked; Torrez departed in favor of Bob Stanley; and Thurman Munson blasted a run-scoring double.

Reggie Jackson took his annual fall bow in the eighth inning. Reggie may have been born in May, but he is October's child. That's when he is worth his weight in candy bars. This time he slammed a home run to deep centerfield.

Jackson's clout became the difference in the game when Boston scored twice in the eighth off Reliever Rich Gossage. And then in the ninth Yastrzemski came up with two runners on. Gossage was not sharp—he gave up five hits—but after Guidry, who had left in the seventh, he was the best the Yankees had. And this time against Yaz, that was good enough. Yastrzemski walked to the dug-out and never looked back.

For detailed reports on how the Sox and Yankees ended up in a playoff, turn the page.

*Munson's daring scoring dash on Sunday was not enough to avert a Yankee defeat—and a playoff*

CONTINUED

## RAPPED, NOT WRAPPED UP

by Larry Keith



The plane was chartered, the bags were packed and the champagne was on ice. To make it official the Yankees gave the baseball to Catfish Hunter on Sunday, confident that the new Catfish would be the Catfish of old. But instead of defeating Cleveland to clinch the American League East title, Hunter gave up five runs in 1½ innings, and the Indians were off to a 9-2 victory. Goodbye, Kansas City, hello, Boston.

"I'd have bet everything I owned that he would have a good game today," Reggie Jackson said. But Hunter's pitches had neither pop nor control—and the Yankees had no chance. After a week of near-perfect baseball that produced five straight victories, New York suddenly seemed as fallible as the sixth-place team that beat them. "It looked like a rerun of one of our games," said Buddy Bell of the Indians.

Only once did New York show any of its vaunted prowess. After Andre Thorn-

*After a week of matching the Sox win-for-win, Lemon and his Yankees finally bowed on Sunday*

## THERE'S LIFE AFTER DEATH

by Peter Gammons

It came in, scratchy and wispy, on handheld transistor radios that were tuned to WSAR in Fall River, Mass., which carries broadcasts of Yankee games, and someone in the bleachers yelled out the news just as a kid in a Red Sox hat thrust his arms triumphantly heavenward behind home plate. "I was standing there at second, watching the hitter, and all of a sudden I knew someone had gone deep for Cleveland," said Boston's Jerry Remy. "My knees started shaking." Slowly, row by row, section by section, the crowd began to rise until up it went on the scoreboard: Cleveland 2, New York 0. The place exploded.

Early Sunday afternoon, as the Indians' margin mounted, there was a succession of such outbursts in Fenway Park until, in the fifth inning, the Red Sox gave the old master, Luis Tiant, two runs to work with. Then there was an atomic blast of cheering as Bostonians sensed

that the team they had given up on was going to have another chance—in a play-off—to win the American League East.

Coming into Sunday's game, the Red Sox, who had been killed two weeks before in New York and buried a week later in Toronto, had won their last seven games and 11 of their last 13. They were playing as well as they had in July, when they led the Yankees by 14 games. They had gone seven games in a row without an error. Their pitchers had an earned run average of 2.77 down the stretch. But it had done little good, because the Yankees, too, were on a tear, having won six straight. "When I went out to my position, I looked up and saw that instead of listing all the American League games, they only had Cleveland at New York on the scoreboard," said Third Baseman Jack Brohamer. "That's when I said to myself, 'This is something special.' But I kept wondering how Cleveland could



ton's two-run home run put Cleveland ahead in the first inning, the Yankees came right back to tie the score. With one out, Thurman Munson singled to left, and Lou Piniella sent him to third with a double to right. The next batter, Jackson, lofted a high fly to short left center that Shortstop Tom Veryzer easily caught. But instead of running the ball back to the infield, Veryzer faked a few throws to home and came in at a trot. That was all the incentive Munson needed to break for the plate, which he reached safely. "Oh boy, I thought we were in trouble then," Indian Manager Jeff Torborg said. "That's the kind of play that can ignite a team." The Yankees did score again that inning, on Graig Nettles' single, but those runs were all they got.

The Indians broke the tie—and the Yankees' hearts—in the second inning with four runs. New York had allowed exactly that many in its previous six outings. "It was just one of those games," said Manager Bob Lemon, who found only one thing to be cheered about. "Up

in Boston at least we won't have to look at the scoreboard to see what the Sox are doing."

Sunday's loss notwithstanding, the Yankees had made the greatest comeback in American League history. New York was 14 games out of first place on July 19. From that dismal abyss the Yankees rallied to win 52 of their next 73 games and finish the regular season with a 99-63 record, which was identical to Boston's and the best in baseball this season. "Winning so many games means a lot," said Bucky Dent. "We struggled and struggled and came from so far back. Now people can respect us for the way we play, instead of thinking we're some kind of soap opera."

If the Yankee comeback was memorable so was the Boston collapse that made it possible. But the performances of the two antagonists in the final week should not be forgotten either. Neither of them lost until the Yankee defeat on Sunday. The Red Sox won their last eight in a row, and the Yankees won six straight—at a time when a single defeat for either team

would have had dramatic consequences. Separated by only one game, New York won to stay ahead, Boston to stay alive. "To me, this is more impressive than the comeback," said Lemon. "When you've got more than two months left and the other team is losing, the pressure isn't as great as it is in the last week when the other team is winning. I'll have to say that there have been times when I've slept better and longer."

The scores from Fenway Park even made the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* a nightmarish occasion for New Yorkers. While the Yankees stood for the anthem before each game, their eyes could not help but wander from the centerfield flagpole down to the centerfield scoreboard. Invariably, the scoreboard showed that the Red Sox, whose games started half an hour earlier, were well on their way to another victory.

If the Boston scores were not in New York's favor, the quality of the Yankees' opposition certainly was. Toronto, after all, is an expansion team, and Cleveland has been easy prey for New *continued*



win. Then I heard that roar from the bleachers, and I thought, 'Damn, tomorrow's going to be the biggest game of my life.'" Brohamer, like all his teammates, never considered the possibility of Tiant losing. But they had not given the Yankees much chance of losing, either, and a Boston win and a New York loss was the only way the season would continue for the Sox.

The Sox' desperate straits were the result of an 18-day stretch that began with the second game of an Aug. 30 double-header and lasted through Sept. 16. During that span Boston had lost 14 of 17. "I've never seen a good team do absolutely everything so poorly," says Manager Don Zimmer. Boston hit .192; Tiant was the only starting pitcher to win a game; the fielders made 33 errors.

The darkest moment came on Sept. 16 with a ninth-inning, 3-2 defeat in Yankee Stadium. It was the Sox' sixth straight loss to New York and left them

3½ games behind. Privately, the players conceded the race was over.

The next day Boston's ace, Dennis Eckersley, turned both teams around. With relief from Bob Stanley, he beat the Yankees 7-3, bringing Boston back to some form of life and putting New York's bets into a mild slump that would last five days. Boston went to Detroit and won three out of four, and then had one more dismal moment before the final week. It occurred on Friday, Sept. 22 in Toronto, when the Blue Jays rallied in the ninth for a 5-4 win. Meanwhile the Yankees were in the process of scoring three ninth-inning runs in Cleveland to force their game into extra innings. "It's over," Rick Burleson told Quincy *Patriot-Ledger* writer Bob Finnigan. Then word came that the Indians had won the game. "You'd better not write that for a day or two," Burleson said, and when Tiant beat Toronto 3-1 the next day and the Yankees again lost to Cleveland, the lead was down to one with seven to play. "We've gone from the deathbed to the street in 19 hours," said Sox *continued*

*Eckersley became a 20 game winner and kept Sox hopes alive by holding Toronto to five hits*

York the last three seasons. "I don't think anybody's uptight," said Nettles early in the week. "If we're supposed to be the division winners, we should be able to beat the two worst teams at home the last week of the season."

With admirable defense, timely hitting and superb pitching, they did win, but it was not always easy. The highlight of Tuesday night's 4-1 victory over the flightless Blue Jays was not Ed Figueroa's six-hitter or Mickey Rivers' two-run double in the second inning but four double plays. Second Baseman Willie Randolph was involved in all of them: he was the pivot man in the second and eighth innings, and he started the DP's in the third and ninth. Though Randolph was hitless, he could justifiably declare, "I did my job. I felt I played a pretty good game."

On Wednesday night, for the second straight game, the Yankees scored all the runs they needed with a three-run flurry in the second inning. The rest of the night belonged to Hunter, who allowed six hits in a 5-1 complete-game victory. More than any other Yankee, the Cat had been

responsible for the Yankee turnaround. Since returning from his second stint on the disabled list on July 17, he had won 10 of 12 decisions. Before then he had the credentials of a sore-armed has-been: a 2-3 record and a 5.93 ERA. But after a shoulder manipulation took care of his ailment, he became the consistent third starter New York needed to make a serious pennant drive.

The No. 1 starter, of course, is Ron Gundy, who received a standing ovation before he took the mound for Thursday night's game and then earned it by four-hitting Toronto 3-1. The Yankees were not swinging very effectively themselves, and they needed a six-inning throwing error by First Baseman Doug Ault to score two of their runs. But Gundy never needs much hitting to get by. The win ran his record to 24-3, with a 1.72 ERA and an average of eight strikeouts and six hits for every nine innings pitched. No one blamed him for saying after the game, "The only thing I don't know if I can do is play the outfield. I think I'll give that a try next year." He was kidding, of course. The American

League's hitters are not going to get off that easily.

Cleveland followed Toronto into the Stadium on Friday and looked to be a bit tougher competition. The Indians had defeated the Red Sox and the Yankees twice each in recent weeks, and Torborg was taking his spoiler's role seriously. "It's nice to be thrust into the race," he said. "It gives us a chance to salvage a great deal of lost pride."

The Indians were doing exactly that on Friday night, when a double by Tom Ververer and a single by Rick Manning made the score 1-0 in the eighth inning and put New York behind for the first time all week. With the scoreboard showing that the Red Sox had bombed the Blue Jays, the Yankees suddenly found themselves only six outs away from falling into a first-place tie. At that moment Lemon was trying to figure out some way he could "borrow Jim Rice for about 10 minutes."

New York staged a quick and decisive comeback in the bottom of the inning. Pinch Hitter Cliff Johnson led off with a walk and was lifted for Pinch Run-

## RED SOX continued

owner Haywood Sullivan. "From that time on, any player who said he wasn't looking at the scoreboard was a liar or a fool," said Bob Bailey.

The Sox won 7-6 that Sunday, while Ron Gundy threw a two-hitter in Cleveland. Then the two teams headed home; the Blue Jays were coming to Yankee Stadium, the Tigers to Fenway.

If the Yankees thought that these parallel series would give them another game or two of breathing room, they did not realize how well the Red Sox were playing. "Sure, we have to win, but the pressure's on the Yankees more than it's on us," said Eckersley. "When you're in second place, all you can think about is winning. When you're in first and the blue light's flashing in the rearview mirror, you have to think about not losing. There's a difference, as we found out."

In Tuesday's series opener against the Tigers, Eckersley got three runs in the first inning to work with and fired a seven-hit, 6-0 shutout for his 19th win. The next night, with Tiant pitching, the Sox again got three in the first on key hits by Carlton Fisk and Fred Lynn, and Boston

won 5-2. Then on Thursday the final missing cog was found. Mike Torrez had been without a win since Aug. 18, an eight-start, six-loss span. With the help of four double plays, he threw a three-hit shutout at the Tigers and ended his slump, 1-0, when Jim Rice hit a home run. Boston had swept the Tigers, but the Yankees had swept the Blue Jays.

That brought it down to a one-game lead, three games to play, with the Indians arriving in New York and the Blue Jays in Boston. The Red Sox blew out Toronto as Stanley came out of the bullpen for his third start of the season and had a no-hitter going into the sixth. The victory was so easy that the time of possession was Boston 77 minutes, Toronto 37. It was 8-0 Red Sox by the third inning. At the end it was 11-0.

Zimmer's daughter-in-law Marion had gone to the doctor Tuesday to find out when she might have her overdue baby. "When the Red Sox go into first place," the doctor told her, and in the fourth Friday, Zimmer looked up at the message board. It informed him that he had a grandchild. "This is a miracle," Zimmer

said to Coach Johnny Pesky. But it wasn't a miracle. The Yankees, who had trailed the Indians 1-0, rallied to win, and the Sox were still one back.

Saturday was another blowout. Eckersley gave up a homer in the top of the first inning, but in the bottom half the Red Sox scored four times and put an end to any doubt. The Eck might have had about winning his 20th. As the inning ended, the crowd began rising to applaud, only to be stopped abruptly. A 5 clanked down next to the NY on the scoreboard. From that point, as Eckersley mowed down the Blue Jays 5-1, the crowd sat, quietly waiting for Sunday and, they hoped, a repeat of history.

In 1948 the Red Sox trailed the Indians by one game on the last day. Boston beat New York and Detroit defeated the Indians, thus forcing the only playoff in the 78 years of the American League.

When George Scott got to the park at 9:30 Sunday morning, he read about 1948, then wandered around the clubhouse, saying, "It's up to the Yankees, because there ain't no way Luis will lose." The Boomer was right. Tiant befuddled

ner Fred Stanley. Rivers then sacrificed Stanley to second. At this point the Yankees had to punch themselves again—to make sure what they were seeing was not a dream. Torborg came to the mound and pulled his starter, David Clyde, replacing him with Jim Kern. Clyde had allowed only four hits, but Torborg feared he was tiring. In the Yankee bullpen the move was greatly appreciated. "We were kind of worried out there," said Rich Gossage, "and when he took Clyde out we all said 'thank you.'" The heartened Yankees greeted Kern with four straight hits that scored three runs, and New York won going away.

On Saturday the Yankee hitters picked up right where they had left off the night before. Rivers' leadoff line single in the home half of the first was the start of a sixth, five-run inning that was all the help Figueroa needed to become the first native Puerto Rican ever to win 20 games. Afterwards, with two magnums of champagne at his side, Figueroa declared it was "the proudest day of my life." But for the rest of the Yankees the champagne would have to wait.

END

## IT WAS ALMOST ANOTHER MIRACLE

Pirate Manager Chuck Tanner, stripped now of hope as well as his uniform, sat in his underwear Saturday afternoon talking of pride and heart and the other things the newly defeated talk of, when Phillie Phanatic Jim Kaat popped into Tanner's office carrying two paper cups full of champagne. Kaat played for Tanner in Chicago, and they share a love of racehorses. But Tanner had not expected a social call at this melancholy juncture. The champagne belonged to the winners' dressing room. Nonetheless, Kaat proffered his old boss a cup. "Here," he said, "you deserve this as much as we do." Tanner gratefully accepted, because, though deprived of the fruits of victory, he and his Pirates richly merited a taste of the bubbly.

In fourth place, 1½ games behind the Phillies on Aug. 12, Pittsburgh had nearly made one of the most dramatic comebacks in baseball history. They had won 36 of 48 games from that day in August until the last one in September, and after sweeping the Phils in a bizarre doubleheader the night before for their 23rd and 24th straight wins at home, the championship of the National League East seemed within the Pirates' reach. Trading by 3½ games, Pittsburgh knew it must win all four of this final four-game series with the Phillies, and then make up a rained-out game with Cincinnati on Monday to either win the division title or tie for it.

In each game of the doubleheader, Pittsburgh was apparently touched by providence. In the first, the score was 4-4 in the ninth when Pirate Ed Ott led off by hitting a fly ball to right center. Philadelphia Centerfielder Gary Maddox and Rightfielder Bake McBride stood transfixed as the ball fell between

them. The stocky Ott chugged around the bases as Maddox finally retrieved the ball and tossed it wildly past third, allowing Ott to charge jubilantly home with the winning run.

The second victory was similarly a product of Philadelphia largess. The time the score was 1-1 in the ninth when Dave Parker opened with a double to center, which Maddox mishandled, Parker advancing to third. Steve Carlton, who had pitched magnificently, intentionally walked the next two hitters before Warren Brusstar replaced him. Brusstar threw one pitch to Phil Garner, and then interrupted his windup on the next as Parker, breaking off third, caught his attention. A balk was correctly called, Parker automatically scoring, and the Pirates were now 1½ back with two, maybe three, to play.

When Willie Stargell began Saturday's game with a first-inning grand slam, it seemed certain the Phillie lead would be cut to a half game. But while the Pirates failed to score in the ensuing seven innings, Philadelphia's Greg Luzinski belted a three-run homer, Richie Hebner hit a three-run double, and starting Pitcher Randy Lerch, batting better than he pitched, had two home runs. The result, if nervous, Phillies were leading 10-4 entering the ninth. The Pirates promptly scored four times and, with one out, had the tying run at the plate in the large person of Stargell. But the old slugger struck out this time, and Garner ended the Pirates' fabled season by grounding out.

"I'm glad that's over," said Hebner, gulping his champagne happily.

"It's hard to win a pennant," said Tanner, sipping his thoughtfully. "But it's harder losing one."

—RON FIMBRETT

the Blue Jays with his bizarre windups and deliveries. He struck out Rick Bosetti with an off-speed breaking pitch that broke so much it was suggested he had prepared it with a knife, a fork, a belt buckle, a jar of Vaseline and a V.O. and water. When Brohamer knocked in one run with a grounder and Remy doubled in another in the fifth for a 2-0 lead, Fisk smiled to himself. "When Luis gets the scent, it's over," he said. Indeed, with every pitch thereafter, Tiant seemed to find a new position from which to study the ever-mounting Cleveland tally on the scoreboard behind him. Burleson's two-run homer and Rice's 46th of the year were mere icing to a 5-0 victory.

So baseball's Athens and Troy would be brought together for a 163rd game. "After all that has happened to both teams," Carl Yastrzemski said, "this is probably the only way this should be settled. But I feel sorry that either team must lose. The two best teams in baseball, the greatest rivalry in sports. There should be no loser. I know after the way this team came back, I'll always think of it as one thing—the winner."

END



The Phils were able to cheer at last when Reliever Ron Reed (center) stopped yet another Pirate rally.

# THE DOCTOR WAS 20-20 READING THE GREEN

*As the World Series of Golf went out of focus for Hubert, a non-practicing optometrist saw his chance on the first sudden-death hole* **by DAN JENKINS**

**A**t a special sort of golf tournament in Ohio last week, most people spent a good deal of time wishing Hubert Green would do something to make it interesting, and what he wound up doing was to turn the event into the World Series of Optometry. This was not what Hubert Green had in mind and it probably wasn't what Gil Morgan expected when he arrived in Akron. But the climax of the World Series of Golf belonged almost solely to Hubert, who capped a relatively dull few days by holing a 10-foot birdie putt on the last regulation green for \$55,000, the difference between first and second money, and then missing a three-foot putt for the same amount of money in the first extra hole of sudden death to allow Morgan, a non-practicing optometrist, to win a championship that either is or isn't the World Series of anything.

There is supposed to be a lot of suspense and drama in this tournament. The format brings together the best of the best—a select group of golfers who have won either enough tournaments or the most prestigious ones—and they must then cope with the Firestone Country Club's demanding South Course, with the year's biggest purse, \$300,000, as a reward. You would think that the \$100,000 awaiting the victor would lead to a good deal of knee-buckling excitement.

For a variety of reasons, it was missing this year. Even on Sunday's last round, when Tom Watson began making a move and Morgan was hanging in there by dropping all of his putts for par and Green was gradually accumulating the bogeys that would erode his lead, there was a so-what aura about it all.

This mood was sustained at the end when Green let his three-footer for a par on the 14th green—the first sudden-death hole—slide outside the right edge of the cup and then routinely pointed his finger in the air, the gesture of a golfer who has routinely holed out. This was followed by Morgan calmly rolling in a one-footer for a winning par 4 and routinely

pointing his finger upward. He didn't even take off his white visor. Two men had just played one hole of golf for almost as much money as a United States senator makes, and they looked like a couple of guys going another hole to see who buys the drinks.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLEINEMER



*Gil Morgan peered carefully at this putt and others and brought home the richest prize in golf.*

Morgan got to the title the slow, hard way. After two rounds, he was six strokes behind Green, who was leading by two after shooting a 70 and a 67. There were some other people between them, and Morgan wasn't taken very seriously by Green or anyone else. On Saturday, Morgan shot a 67 of his own while Green was turning in a one-over 71, but while it drew him to within two strokes of Green, even Morgan realized that he was up against one of the game's toughest front-runners.

Sunday's 18 began with Green making three straight birdies and Morgan eagling the 2nd hole. Still, after seven holes Green had a four-stroke lead, and most

of the drama centered around Watson and whether he would finish strong enough to break Johnny Miller's 1974 earnings record of \$353,021. For a while, with Green starting his bogey habit, it looked as if Watson might finish strong enough to win the tournament itself. But Watson quickly turned a 65 into a 67 with consecutive iron shots into bunkers, and he had to settle for third place. Nevertheless, it gave him \$19,000 and upped his earnings for the year to \$362,000, or \$8,979 more than Miller banked during his one golden year. Watson also nailed down the Vardon Trophy for the tour's lowest stroke average with his five tour victories and an assortment of other good finishes.

With that settled, what remained of Sunday afternoon was left to Morgan and Green. Morgan parred the last six holes for his closing 68 and his total of 278. Green found a different way to match the number. Hubert bogeyed the 16th to make it look as if he would hand the tournament to Morgan without a playoff. But he closed with the good birdie putt on 18 to tie and prolong things.

Neither drove exquisitely from the 14th tee, one going left and the other right. And neither hit very prettily onto the green, one being far away from the pin and safe and the other—Green—over and slightly onto the fringe.

The difference was that Green did not get his first putt close enough to force another extra hole. It was just as well. The tournament itself missed by more than three feet.

Other topics had dominated conversation in Akron during the week: the Benjamin High School football team, for instance, and its traditional Friday night game against Glades Day down in Belle Glade, Fla. This was the contest that at one point was going to prevent Jack Nicklaus from competing in the World Series of Golf. His oldest son, Jackie, is a tight end and defensive end for Benjamin, and his second oldest, Steve, is a split end. Jack decided to play in the tournament only when it dawned on him that his private jet could get him from Akron to Belle Glade in time for the opening kickoff, after the second round of play on Friday, and return him to Firestone in time for Saturday's tee-off.

For a day or so leading up to the game, there was as much talk in the Firestone grillroom about Benjamin High as there was about Seve Ballesteros leading the

first day with a 69, or Green taking command of the tournament after his second-round 67. It was treated pretty much as a joke until Saturday morning when page one of the Akron Beacon Journal carried an account of the Benjamin-Glade game, and readers had to probe deep into the paper to find out what was happening at Firestone. Nicklaus had shot a 76 on Friday in his haste to get to the football game, and, of course, he was then no longer a contender in the World Series. The big news, obviously, was that Jackie Nicklaus recovered a fumble in the end zone for what turned out to be the winning touchdown in Benjamin's 14-12 victory. For those keeping stats, Steve Nicklaus had caught three passes.

What all of this did was slightly anger the World Series sponsors and frustrate Commissioner Deane Beman of the PGA Tour, for it pointed out to everyone that there is something wrong with the event—something difficult to describe.

It is certainly a good idea to have such a tournament, an ultra-exclusive festival offering a bundle to the winner, an event almost as hard to get into as the bathroom just off the Oval Office. It is supposed to be a "world championship," an event that would, as Beman put it, "transcend the Big Four," meaning the U.S. and British Opens, the Masters and the national PGA, which are the major championships of the sport—the ones that annually manage to bring all of the players' games and emotions to a peak. But as yet, there is no intensity to the World Series. There has not been any excitement around Firestone in the three Series that have been held there since the format was changed in 1976. Whether it was during the week that Nicklaus won the first one, or last year when Larry Wadkins won, or even last Sunday when things finally started popping in the first round, the World Series has had approximately the impact of an NBA All-Star game.

One of the problems, of course, is timing. The last week in September—what with pennant races, plus pro and college football—may be just too late for anyone to be concerned about golf, especially the players themselves.

As Nicklaus said last week, "Most of us are just going through the motions here. A lot of us have been away from golf, and we've lost an edge. I think it would help if somehow the tournament could be played two or three weeks after



Another \$19,000 made Watson the big winner.

the PGA, like the last week of August, when at least you're still thinking golf."

One also must wonder if the exclusivity of the tournament doesn't actually work against it. There were only 24 competitors last week as opposed to the 150 in a normal tour event. Most of the way, it resembled an elaborate exhibition or an executive outing. The crowds at Firestone were decent but hardly immense, and the days of golf were short, because there was no one for the best players in the world to beat but themselves. Moreover, Nicklaus was willing to bet that if the World Series held to the present dates, it would not be too many years before the tournament would be played in sleet or even snow. "I know Ohio," he said.

In fact, there was football weather much of last week, even when the sun was out. Not cold, mind you. Crisp. At times chilly. The kind of feeling in the air when it would seem more appropriate to be watching a team doing calisthenics under a goal post than trudging after a bunch of people trying to knock a little ball into a little hole. **END**

# IT'S OPEN SEASON ON THE ZEBRAS

NFL officials have routinely botched up games this season with quick whistles and questionable calls, but Pete Rozelle insists that his men get them right 95% of the time. Tell that to Minnesota Coach Bud Grant **by WILLIAM O. JOHNSON**

Call it zebra flu, whistle fever, striped-shirt streptococcus. Whatever, the cause is readily diagnosed—it is the quality of officiating in the National Football League this year. The cure may be more difficult, for it is hard to remember a season that has produced such a rampant display of human fallibility as has been revealed—on television, always on television—by the officiating crews of the NFL. More than most men, football officials are destined to be forever defined by their failures rather than their successes. And it is probably (though not provably) true, as NFL Supervisor of Officials Art McNally insists, that their calls are correct upwards of 95% of the time. Yet that flawed 5% has had an enormously disproportionate influence this year.

Some of the officials' mistakes are merely funny—a grim referee marching off a penalty in the wrong direction, an excited touchdown signal after an interception in the end zone, some seemingly baffled head scratching over which penalty takes precedence. In one odd episode during a Buffalo-New York Jets game, an official walked off a 15-yard penalty, had the chains and down markers moved, then discovered there was an offsetting penalty. This called for play to

resume at the original line of scrimmage, but none of the officials remembered where that was. A call went up to the press box to ask for the proper yard line, the answer was given and the ball was promptly put back into play—two yards away from the correct spot.

Other decisions have been less comic—and more costly. Perhaps every fan (to say nothing of every coach and every player) has his favorite official's misdemeanor—or felony. One, certainly, was the call during the overtime-period kickoff in the Pittsburgh-Cleveland game on Sept. 24. A lost Steeler fumble (later admitted to by the receiver) was ruled to be a dead ball because of a mistaken whistle; the quick whistle helped turn a near-certain Cleveland victory into a Steeler win. When the call occurred, Cleveland owner Art Modell bellowed in the press box, "No! We were robbed!" And Cleveland Safety Thom Darden snarled later, "The game was stolen from us. The officials are like God. They have the power to give and take away. They decided this time to take away."

Three of the first four Tampa Bay games included questionable decisions that affected the outcome. "I don't understand officiating in the NFL," said

Buc Coach John McKay. "They call more than in the colleges. Maybe it's because the games are closer. I had always thought that the best-officiated games were those when you weren't aware the officials were on the field. You sure are in the NFL. I don't know; I don't pretend to understand. I just stand and watch, and when I hear the crowd booing, I boo, too."

One of Tampa Bay's disputed games was a victory over Minnesota on Sept. 17, a win that hinged almost entirely on a wrong call—McNally admits to that—involving a punt that officials erroneously ruled had been touched by a Viking back. The ball was awarded to the Buccaneers on the Viking five-yard line, and they scored on the next play. Unfortunately, it was the second such call against the Vikings in six days. The other was a dubious clock-stopper in the fading seconds against Denver on Sept. 11, which led to a game-tying field goal for the Broncos, an overtime and—fortunately enough—ultimately, a Minnesota win. That call produced heat and fever from a most unlikely source—that original ice-and-stone sideline statue, Bud Grant.

The Minnesota coach threw such a

continued

## THE GREAT OAKLAND TRIPLE-PLAY CAPER



The Raiders overcame San Diego on the game's last play thanks to this 23-yard maneuver. About to be sacked, Stabler admirably "fumbled" the ball far





*These chaps may have things fairly under control, but some of their colleagues have walked off penalties the wrong way and called interceptions touchdowns*



*ward to Banaszak (40), who in turn directed it forward to Caspar (87), who shoveled it into the end zone—and then fell on it for the winning touchdown*

tantrum on the sidelines that Defensive Tackle Alan Page had to restrain him. And when the game was over, Grant ranted, "And people wonder why we need full-time officials? Well, tonight the whole nation saw it again. They just are not qualified!" Much of Grant's venom was directed at the referee, Don Wedge, who had seven years of experience as a Big Ten official and five more in the NFL but in real life is a sales manager for the Hobart Corporation in Troy, Ohio.

Fumed Grant, "He's not a full-time referee. I'm more qualified than he is, and so are 27 other coaches in the NFL, because we're out there every day on the practice field making judgments. These guys are out there just 16 times a season, so don't tell me that's being qualified." On another occasion Grant had said, "Officials are the only amateurs in this whole sport—everyone else is a pro!"

And then there was the winning three-way touchdown "fumble" perpetrated by Oakland's Ken Stabler, Pete Banaszak and Dave Casper, which led to a last-second Raider win over San Diego on Sept. 10. After the game, all three Raiders admitted that it had been a desperate phony fumble that was tossed and coddled and even kicked so Casper could at last fall on it in the end zone. This admission upset Ray Dodez, the head linesman in that game. Dodez called Tommy Bell, who retired in 1976 after 15 seasons as an NFL referee, for encouragement after the Oakland players boasted about their caper. "I think that [kind of talk] made them look small," Bell told Dodez.

The Chargers protested the call, but the NFL said it was impossible for the officials to judge "intent" on the part of Stabler-Banaszak-Casper Inc. and the Raiders' confession notwithstanding, the decision was the right one at the time it was made. "I wish they had told the officials then," Pete Rozelle facetiously remarked the following Sunday. "It would have saved a lot of time." He also said he would look into the possibility of instituting a "court of appeals" to settle disputes over controversial plays that affect the outcome of games.

After hearing about the San Diego complaint, Oakland Coach John Madden shrugged and said, "The league office gets complaints—or if you prefer, protests—every week on officiating. Heck, the only gratification you get out of protesting Monday about officials making bad calls against you is that the league will tell

you on Tuesday that you were right. That's it."

Right or wrong, the decision in San Diego has led to the appearance of a funny new T shirt, illustrated with a blindfolded referee signaling a touchdown above the words IMMACULATE DECEPTION. Charger owner Eugene F. Klein says he is going to wear one of the shirts to the league meetings in March.

Perhaps one reason the number of dubious officiating decisions seems so shocking—and so flagrant—this year is that they have come directly after two of pro football's most infamous mistakes, both made in hypercritical contests late last year. The first involved a wrong call on a fumble by Baltimore's Bert Jones, playing against New England, in the last regular-season game, which ultimately cost the Miami Dolphins a playoff spot. The other also involved a fumble, this one by the Broncos' Rob Lytle, clearly seen by some 75 million people watching on TV but missed by all of the officials working the Denver-Oakland AFC championship game. It occurred near the Oakland goal line and was recovered by the Raiders—a crucial play that would have stopped the Broncos without a score. Instead, the officials ruled that the runner's forward motion had been stopped before he fumbled, and the Broncos, who won the game 20-17, went on to score a badly needed touchdown. That call was wrong, and so was the one involving Jones—and the NFL office later admitted as much.

Thus, long before the 1978 season began, there was concern over officiating. Al Davis, the managing partner of the Raiders, said early this summer, "The one thing I see as our next big crisis is the credibility of the league vis à vis officiating. It's something we have to recognize and do something about."

This is perhaps easier said than done. The pattern of errors and questionable calls this year is random and coincidental. Unlike last season, when the three most critical calls all went in favor of the home team, they have affected visitors as well as home teams; have involved almost every kind of play; have occurred early in games as well as late. However, not even the bleakest cynic has impugned the integrity of a single NFL official.

The question is whether a mere human being—or seven mere human beings (the current size of an officiating

crew)—can bring law and order to a vast field populated with 22 speeding giants joined in hand-to-hand combat. Predictably enough, Rozelle is not quick to criticize his officials—or even to admit that they are any more or less given to error now than before. "Yes, there have been mistakes, but there were mistakes last year, too," he says. "The officials have literally thousands of opportunities for error in each game." To arrive at the number of potential calls an official might be faced with during a given game, he says, you multiply the average number of plays per game—about 160—by the number of players on the field, 22. That comes to 3,520 different instances which may require a judgment by a single official. "However, that's low," he adds, "since there are other complicating factors involved, such as emotionalism on the sidelines and maybe some improper understanding of the rules by players or coaches. Besides the sheer magnitude of possible judgments, the biggest problem is how to see what's happening with 22 huge bodies around you—any one of which might come into your line of vision. You're at field level; you have only one angle of vision. These are problems. We've added a seventh official, and it helps."

That it hasn't helped quite enough is obvious—but the question is, how can officiating be improved? Or can it be improved at all? One constant suggestion is to incorporate TV's instant-replay techniques as an element of officiating. This sounds like a cure-all, but it isn't. In 1976 the NFL performed a test at a preseason game between Dallas and Buffalo, using four of its own cameras and, as required, network shots. It was a game singularly free of problem plays. Yet, incredibly, even with that grand span of cameras covering the field, there was considerable doubt in deciding exactly what had really happened on each of half a dozen different plays involving everything from a bobbled pass to possible defensive holding. By no means did the electronic eye see all.

As Rozelle says, "It is all contingent on a camera's position and whether it has a clear angle at the play. So far, this has been the owners' major objection to bringing in instant replays to overrule officials' calls. It amounts to what they call 'selective overruling'—meaning, you never know when the TV cameras will give you a completely conclusive view

continued

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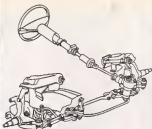
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Marquis' front suspension has a new long-and-short-arm coil spring design with front stabilizer bar. And "Hydro-piercing" precisely aligns suspension and frame elements, thus producing ride geometry of greater consistency.



#### Corners flatter, takes bumps and dips with increased stability.

Suspension engineering offers new stability. New rear four-bar link suspension features axle-centered coil springs and forward mounted shock absorbers. With larger bushings at all suspension points. All contribute to Marquis' ride and handling characteristics.

#### Test the 1979 Marquis.

Experience the new Marquis standard of driving comfort for yourself. See how science has enhanced this all-new automobile. Inside, a luxurious driving environment is created with new materials and technology. Floor absorbers are now bonded to one-piece molded carpet-



fold and water pump. A variable venturi-carburetor. And acceleration of 0 to 50 mph in 10.2 seconds. See the kind of performance you can get. And your Marquis can have these new optional luxury features.

- Electronic AM/FM search radio with Quadrasonic 8 track tape player. Has electronic crystal tuning.
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- Speed control. New "resume" feature lets you return to selected speed.



Marquis Brougham 2-dr.

ing. New steel flex-o-lator springs beneath the front seat cushion give comfort and support. Marquis' deep well trunk has 21.6 cubic feet of load space. The design permits loading of luggage and grocery bags, stowed upright. Under the hood is a 5.0 liter (302 CID) engine, ready for action. This standard engine features aluminum intake mani-

#### Improvements in many minute details.

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A new Marquis standard of driving comfort.

## MERCURY MARQUIS

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





of what happened on a disputed play."

Beyond what the cameras may or may not show, there is the problem of how much time it takes to rerun the tapes, to find the best view (if any) of the play, etc., etc. It is all just too cumbersome. But one fascinating (if slightly fantastic) suggestion has been to use TV replays vs. officiating errors as a new element of coaching strategy. Instead of having every play monitored as a check and balance against human mistakes, the idea is to incorporate a series of, say, three challenges for each team. If a coach thinks an official has made a wrong call, he challenges it and asks for a TV replay. If the cameras show the coach is right, the wrong call is rescinded. If he is wrong, he might be penalized 15 yards or have to give up a time-out.

There is probably a bit too much of sci-fi in that idea to appeal to most coaches, but this summer the NFL tried a simpler and more realistic experiment with TV during seven preseason games. The league had representatives at each game who monitored the network feeds as a check on the officials' calls. The purpose of the experiment was to determine just how feasible it would be to have an extra official watch what millions of TV fans are viewing and then rectify miscalls. The results of this test have not been evaluated yet.

Tommy Bell, for one, is vehemently opposed to instant replay on the grounds that it reduces the "human element" in a game. "If the game was infallible," he says, "it wouldn't be worth watching. And the fans wouldn't have anything to argue about." Bell particularly recalls a Baltimore-Cleveland playoff game years ago, when two instant-replay cameras clearly indicated that Official George Murphy had blown a call by ruling that Jimmy Orr was out of bounds when he caught a pass. Later, though, a third camera, operated by NFL Films, showed that Orr was juggling the ball on the way out. "The human eye," Bell says, "is better than the camera eye every time."

It is likely that the idea of full-time officials (as baseball, basketball and hockey have) will be discussed at the owners' March meetings. Rozelle is open-minded but skeptical. "The economies aren't really a problem," he says. "The league is in better shape that way than ever. Our annual budget for officiating is approximately \$2 million. Full-time officials would double or triple that. The major

problem with going full time is that we would lose many of our best men. All of them have other jobs, and only a few would want to give them up. I'm afraid, for full-time officiating. Beyond that, I don't know how much better they'd be. You could train them over and over, every day, every week, and certainly you would eliminate some mistakes and maybe develop their reflexes. But how do you train a guy to see over a 250-pound man? I'm not sure you could ever train them out of all mistakes. Football players train all week long. And they make mistakes."

**S**till, some of the best minds in football, including Bud Grant, Al Davis and Dallas Cowboy General Manager Tex Schramm, argue that only more intensive recruiting, tougher training in camps with the teams, better conditioning, perhaps even a year-round University of Referees—a permanent training facility—can bring the kind of quantum improvements necessary in NFL officiating. Tommy Bell argues that the present system is about as foolproof as it can be. However, he also thinks a couple of rules ought to be changed to help officials—and also protect the quarterbacks. "If the passer drops back in the pocket," Bell says, "he should be given the same protection as a punter. And they ought to change the intentional-grounding rule. So many quarterbacks hold on to the ball to keep from getting a 10-yard penalty, and they get hurt. Let them dump it with a loss of down but no yardage."

There are 100 officials in the NFL today. "Most of them are in sales or education," McNally says, "and they average 48 years of age, with 24 years or so of officiating experience. No man can work in the NFL with less than 10 years of experience. Oh, we wouldn't insist on that much if some ex-players offered to officiate, but they just don't seem to want to. We have seven former players. I think most people feel it's a comedown to be a player, then have to go back to officiating high school or college games before they can work the NFL. We get about 120 applications each season, and we test them, interview them, grade them—and we hire about six. This year we have 16 new men because of the new seventh official," McNally says that not one of the disputed calls this season has been made by a new official.

At the beginning of the season, each official must take a 175-question, open

rule-book examination. Each week during the season, the officials take additional written tests. They are expected to be in good condition and to take a physical and an eye test before the season. But the only way their condition is tested by the NFL office after that is by the monitoring of their weight twice a year. As for disciplinary action after a blown call perhaps a reprimand by phone from McNally or, at worst, the loss of game assignments. No angry commissioner's fines such as players, coaches and owners sometimes draw? "Not working a game or two works as a fine in itself," says Rozelle.

Depending on seniority, officials are paid from \$325 to \$800 for a regular-season game, more for postseason contests—up to \$3,000 for the Super Bowl. A veteran who worked every possible game at top scale would receive \$23,000 a year. Besides the actual officiating of the game, the job calls for each team of officials (they become part of a permanent crew after the second preseason game) to arrive in the game city on Saturday afternoon. They then spend about three hours in a skull session, reviewing films and going over critique sheets (based on extensive critical scrutiny of films by McNally and his staff) of the game they worked the week before. On Sunday morning they meet to discuss the specific characteristics and strategies of the teams in the game they will officiate. "Always the discussion has to be positive," says McNally. "I will not abide negative comments—such as saying So-and-so holds a lot, watch for it, or Such-and-such had four penalties for being offside last week. I jump right down their throats if I hear that they discuss players negatively."

At the game itself, the officials' work is under scrutiny by special NFL full-field-coverage cameras, as well as by network cameras. Not only are they graded by an on-site observer and, on Monday, by McNally's film critics, but they also get ratings and complaints (or praise) from the coach of each team.

So why is the nation in the throes of zebra flu? Why has Bud Grant's stone face gone molten? Has the whole system broken down for good? No, probably not. But neither is there a cure-all for this malady that is in the autumn air; it came with the franchise. To err is human, to forgive is divine, but to complain about officiating is football—now, then and forever.

END

# THE DAKOTA GOODLANDS

All indications point to a banner year for pheasant shooting in South Dakota—the best season in 20 years

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

**M**ost years winter comes early to South Dakota. By the time the pheasant season begins in late October, the days are brisk and the winds blow cold across the prairies. But sometimes, as happened last year, winter holds off, as if reluctant to intrude upon the final glorious days of autumn. Then Indian summer—a term that must surely have originated here—can produce the finest of all possible weather. The skies are brilliant and clear, bluer than in any other season. The winds are subdued. A hot, golden sun warms the yellow fields of stubble and dead cornstalks that stretch in every direction to the far horizons.

In the cornfields, hunters doff their jackets, sweaters and caps to walk shirt-sleeved along the standing rows. They hike six or seven abreast, 25 or 30 feet apart, moving slowly, deliberately. Ahead of them, pheasants scurry through the stalks. The birds are fat and splendidly feathered, the opulence of their plumage in sharp contrast to the faded hues around them. Nonetheless, they elude the guns, skillfully using the barest of cover to conceal their getaway.

They run swiftly, outdistancing the pursuers. Then, as if on signal, they take wing, rising en masse into the air, flapping up out of the stalks with a chorus of raucous cackles. Someone fires. Too late. The birds are safe. The hunters

emerge finally from the stalks. They are damp with sweat and their faces glisten in the afternoon sun. In the tractor trail at the end of the field are several more of their party. These are the blockers, the guns stationed at the field's perimeter to intercept escaping birds.

"Fooled us that time," one of them says.

"Don't ask me how, but those darned birds must have sensed we were here. They certainly didn't stick to the script."

"That's what I keep telling you," says another. "We only raise smart birds in South Dakota. The dumb ones get themselves killed. The ones that are left are all super birds."

"Track stars, you mean," says a visitor. "In most places, people shoot pheasants. Here they chase them."

"That's what makes this the best pheasant hunting in America," the South Dakotan says. "These birds really cover the ground on foot, and they always run before they fly. Running fools, but never foolish. They make sure they're out of range before they fly. That noise you heard when they took off? That was the ringneck's way of thumbing his nose at you."

Nose thumbing is a widespread habit among the pheasants of Sully County, where the birds have elevated the art of outwitting man to new levels. Dogs fare little better. Nothing is more frustrating to a hunting dog than a trail that whips in and out like a zigzag stitch made by a sewing machine. The average hunting dog expects birds to hold in cover, as did the average birds he met in training. He does not expect them to charge around like cross-country runners. That is one reason why the best pheasant-hunting dogs in South Dakota are anything but average.

Take for example Denny Barnes' Shorty. Shorty is three parts Chihuahua and one part Pekingese, all seven pounds of him. His long silky hair is the color of ripe apricots and his pert papillon ears are always at attention. He looks too

continued





ARTINGS BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER



*Eager hunters, led by Shorty, a peerless Chihuahua-Pekingese, stalk the shifty rangers.*



*The pheasants, which have been scurrying ahead, rise before the startled hunters are at the ready.*



#### **PHEASANTS** *continued*

delicate for any place except the boudoir, yet he is most at home hunting the brush patches on Barnes' farm.

There are many such patches on Barnes' land, which is why his pheasant crop is so abundant. These and a liberal number of uncultivated coulees and planted shelterbelts provide excellent feeding, nesting and resting places for the birds, which in turn provide excellent sport for Barnes.

A hunt through one of his brush patches is ragged going. The undergrowth, which in places is waist-high, is so dense it seems knitted together. Thorns and sharp twigs claw at the skin and clothing. As in the cornfields, the hunters advance abreast, guns held high. Two Labrador retrievers crash up and down in the brush, trying to jump over it, making a tremendous racket and looking thoroughly exasperated by the effort. Somewhere deep down inside all that tangled growth, improbable though it seems, pheasants are moving stealthily ahead.

Unfazed by it all, Shorty plunges in, and disappears. He snakes his little body along the ground, moving as the pheasants move, around the roots. Periodically he pops upright, pirotwetting on his hind legs, his bright black eyes checking to see if Barnes is still with him. Then he disappears again

*continued*



*Emerging from the cornstalks, the hunters demow pheasants that run around like track stars.*

into the brush. Suddenly a pheasant erupts into the air a few feet ahead. This one is not so smart, because it is in range of Barnes' gun. He swings, fires, and the bird is down. Shorty is already there when Barnes reaches the pheasant. The dog tries to lift the bird by the neck, but it seems at least as heavy as he, and considerably longer. One of the Labradors struggles up. Shorty gives it a condescending look. It is not often that professional jealousies exist between Labradors and Chihuahuas.

Not all South Dakota pheasant hunting is as demanding as that in Barnes' brush patches. Such heavy cover is often too hot for birds in the middle of a day in Indian summer when temperatures rise to the mid-70s. Then the birds seek cooler places along ditches and at the edge of shelterbelts. Driving along a gravel road it is sometimes possible to spot a head or two projecting above the ground cover. The vehicle comes to an abrupt stop and the hunters tumble out. They hastily form two lines, hoping to work the birds between them. Instantly alert, the birds pull in their necks



and take off. On foot, they scatter in several directions, eluding the poorly organized hunters. Safely out of range, one bird flushes ahead. Another vanishes into the trees. The hunters plod dutifully on. A cock waits until they pass by, then gets up behind them, cackling merrily.

At one ditch the hunters flush 28 hens and three cocks in a 50-yard drive. The hens, which are protected, fly what appear to be diversionary courses for the cocks. The latter drop into the nearby stubble. There is barely enough cover to mask a beer can, but the birds vanish, safe again from the guns.

The sight of pheasants in such numbers is reason for rejoicing—not just among hunters but also among all South Dakotans—because the bird that has come to be synonymous with the state has suffered hard times in recent years. So much so that the local citizenry has become less and less confident about calling its state The Pheasant Capital of the World. This would have been unthinkable only a few decades ago when the birds multiplied more rapidly than they could be counted, and sportsmen flocked from all corners of the nation for what was surely the best upland hunt-

ing anywhere. At one point in 1945, the ringneck population of South Dakota was 15 million. Then the crash came.

Within five years, the population plummeted to less than four million. What happened? There is no simple answer.

From the moment in 1908 when three hunters planted the state's first pheasants on a James River farm north of Redfield in Spink County, the birds thrived. In 1911 the Redfield Chamber of Commerce and the South Dakota Department of Fish & Game got into the act. Jointly they brought in 200 pheasants for free distribution—in packages of three hens and one cock—to farmers willing to release them on their lands. Next, the state launched a three-year stocking program in which it released 7,000 birds.

In spite of the bitter winters, which made the American cornbelt unsuited to most other game birds, the pheasant flourished. And for the very reason that it did so well, its survival was taken for granted. The bird was expected to continue to thrive, regardless of what happened to its habitat. And it did, for a remarkably long time.

In 1919, only five years after the stocking program ended and the first hunting season opened, sportsmen recorded killing 250,000 birds. The population peaked in the late '30s as a result of dry weather and the woody, unfarmed fields of the Depression which made ideal pheasant habitat. The numbers declined in 1937-38 because of severe winters. From that point, the figure spiraled upward again, and in 1945, two years before the precipitous drop, the annual harvest was seven million ringnecks.

There is no parallel in the history of U.S. game birds to the success of the pheasant in South Dakota. The entire cost of establishing the state's pheasant population, from the planting of the first birds in 1911 to the end of the program six years later, was less than \$20,000. While the extraordinary numbers of the 1940s were never approached, the return to the state on the \$20,000 investment is estimated in the billions.

No phase of South Dakota life is, directly or indirectly, unaffected by the rise and fall of the pheasant population, and in recent times these ups and downs have occurred with alarming frequency. Nor has anyone been more acutely aware of the bird's importance to the economy of the state than former Governor Richard F. Kneip, who left that office only this summer to become ambassador to Singapore.

Three years ago, after the pheasant population took another sharp downward turn, Kneip called together representatives of 165 state organizations spanning pheasant-related interests from agriculture to tourism to land management to hotels to restaurants. He commissioned this Pheasant Congress, as it was called, with the job of studying the population patterns and coming up with a means of stabilizing them.

The congress concluded that the most significant factor in the pheasant's downward trend was changing land-use patterns: intensified agriculture, new and improved equipment that leaves fewer uncultivated margins, increased grazing, more sophisticated farming methods, the end of federal soil-bank programs, higher taxes and inflated land values. The congress proposed that the state legislature adopt the Pheasant Restoration Act, to be funded jointly by the state and

*continued*



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hunters, with 80% of its appropriation to be used for the creation and improvement of habitat, 10% for restocking and 10% for predator control. The act was passed in 1977.

The state legislature allotted \$125,000 for the program, the first time in the memory of most sportsmen that funds other than hunters' money have been appropriated for wildlife. Also a \$5 Pheasant Restoration Stamp was tacked on all state small-game licenses. For every \$5 collected, the Federal Government will put up another \$12.

Last year, under one of the provisions of the act, some 180 landowners agreed to plant cover crops and to protect pheasants from grazing or disturbance other than hunting. In return, each farmer received up to \$25 an acre per year. The three-year goal is 20,000 compensated acres, but as more and more farmers come to understand the importance of habitat to wildlife, it is expected that that figure will be exceeded several times.

John E. (Mint) Sutton Jr. of Agar has always understood. His long years of wise land management are reflected in the numerous coulees, breaks, shelterbelts and tree stands on his 4,600-acre property. All kinds of game—deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels—find cover and sustenance there. Pheasants thrive on his land and always have done so, even when their numbers plummeted in other parts of the state. In 1976, for example, when drought made severe inroads into pheasant populations, Sutton's birds were unaffected, thanks to an extensive irrigation system that pumps water up out of the Osage Reservoir of the Missouri River to his land.

Sutton's ranch, principally a commercial cattle and farming operation, also boasts the oldest privately owned herd of bison in the nation. It dates back to 1909, when Sutton's grandfather founded the herd with three animals. Along with everything else on the property, the buffalo have prospered. One of the ancillary delights of pheasant hunting on the ranch is the unexpected sight of the great humpbacked animals silhouetted against the sky. In this land of vast expanse where one is forever awed by the sensation of being able to see three days ahead, this is a vision of another kind, a glimpse back into the roots of the country.

That such a sight exists at all is the result of continuing public and private res-

toration efforts that date back to the end of the last century. The bison's swift and shocking decline from more than 75 million animals to a pitiful handful was as unexpected as the pheasant crash. That the bison did not disappear entirely is a result of combined efforts of the state and local citizens who stepped in then, as they have now, in the case of the pheasant. Today more than 60,000 American buffalo are scattered across the country and at least two individual herds, one privately owned and one in Custer State Park, number in the thousands.

It is too soon to determine whether efforts to restore the pheasant in South Dakota will be as successful as those that have replenished the buffalo herd, but there is reason for optimism. After only one year, there is noticeable improvement in cover wherever the Pheasant Restoration Plan has been in operation. In spite of a winter so harsh that deer sought shelter in barns and wandered up and down the main streets of towns, pheasant brood stocks appeared unaffected. They were further aided by late spring rains that delayed mowing, thereby permitting the birds a long and beneficial period on the nests.

Official counts of current populations are conservative—principally because exceptionally heavy cover has made accurate counts impossible—but unofficial estimates are more enthusiastic. The Game Department, in fact, seriously considered increasing the daily bag limit from two to three birds this season. Although it finally rejected that idea, there will be two extra hours added to the shooting day when hunting begins on the 21st of this month.

"I can't prove it, but every sign points to a great season," says Steve Nelson of the state's Department of Economic and Tourist Development. "The cover is fantastic. If you have cover, you have birds, and it certainly looks to me as if we have plenty of them this year. I'm betting that the pheasants in South Dakota are finally on their way back."

No one really believes that they will ever again be 15 million strong, anymore than that bison herds can be expected to reach their former numbers. The country has changed too much. But it is not unreasonable to hope for 10 million birds in future seasons.

Most hunters will settle for that. **END**

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# ARMING HIMSELF

Al Turner got to be an arm wrestling champion on God-given strength, but lately he's been training. At 50 he may have only 12 more years at the top

by TERRY TODD

**I**t was the middle of May, and outside the Greater Scranton YMCA the air was a brutal combination of humidity, flatulence from the nearby Interstate and, of course, the effluvium of Greater Scranton itself. Inside the Y, though, the atmosphere was more bracing. It smelled of booze and balm, of barrooms and locker rooms—which was as it should have been upon the occasion of the second National American Arm Wrestling Association Championships. If ever a sport developed out of friendly, and not so friendly, barroom tests of strength, it is arm wrestling.

Halfway through this Saturday morning the meet was about to begin and the 156 male and 12 female contestants were warming up, each with his own words, each in his own way. The smaller men paced quickly, applying analgesic balm and chattering words of courage to themselves. The bigger men lounged around, applying analgesic balm and taking little sips of courage from their Thermos jugs. One of them, wearing a turban, was explaining to everyone within earshot that the perfect drink for a long day of arm wrestling was a blend of protein powder, soy flour, wheat germ, orange juice, fresh strawberries, almonds, bananas, raw eggs and beer.

The warming up continued. Spectators



# FOR THE FRAY



begin to fill the auditorium, filing past the burly young ticket taker. The scene seemed remarkably decorous, all things considered, when the ticket taker stepped forward and barred the door. "Hold it, Pop," he said to a middle-aged man in horn-rimmed glasses. "It's two bucks to see the show." To which the middle-aged man replied, with a pleasant, though unblinking, smile, "It doesn't cost me a penny to see the show, Sonny. I am the show." And before the ticket taker had a chance to do or say anything for which he would without question have been sorry, someone shouted, "Hey, it's Al! It's the champ! Al Turner's here!" and the middle-aged gent was surrounded and hustled through the door into the auditorium by a group of laughing men, of every age and size, all trying to talk at once.

The subject of their joy and attention, Allen Turner, seems at first glance an unlikely hero for any group of strength athletes. Born on Jan. 20, 1928, his age alone should serve to disqualify him, and he doesn't radiate the kind of heavy-duty power one associates with arm wrestling. It is puzzling—until you notice the hands. Lord have mercy, what a pair of mitts! Great rough-cut mallets, they fan out from his wrists with tendons the size of guywires and display a set of digits that would look more at home on the feet of a Sasquatch.

Throughout the matches that morning and afternoon, those hands fulfilled their promise. Al Turner downed the arms of all comers in the 200-to-220 weight class to win his eighth national title in 11 tries. So easy was it that often he would smile and wink at the audience as his adversary strained. In the finals, after the signal to begin, he held his arm rock steady in the beginning position for perhaps 20 seconds while shouting at his sweating young opponent (a good friend), "C'mon, Randy, pull! Let's have it! Pull! C'mon!" before ending the mismatch with a downward stroke of hand, wrist, arm, shoulder—and a smile.

"Even as a kid I had a good arm," Turner confessed.

*On Saturdays, Turner (left) and Ralph Raymond go into the ethic with a case of beer and pull arms*

ner says, gravel-voiced. "The first match I remember was one I had when I was 14, against a friend of my father, a big guy who weighed about 230 to my 135. He and my dad had come in from a drinking bout and were playing across the kitchen table. The guy beat my dad, then

Throughout his school days and his three years in the Corps, he had played for the fun and satisfaction of it, but after coming home he had his first money match. "The first time I pulled for money I was 22 years old," he says. "I was working in a foundry, doing heavy work,

and one of the guys there, he weighed 260, wanted to see if he could take me. So we bet a buck and he paid me with a silver dollar. My wife still has it."

And as Turner became known for his strength, other matches for money came his way, some of them arranged by his older brother Bob. "We had a heck of a time," Turner recalls. "Traveling around, going to the clubs and taverns and playing these guys. I remember once Bob came over to my place after work, all charged up, telling me about this guy he had run into out of town somewhere who kept bending these big railroad spikes and asking him to arm wrestle. Bob told him, 'Look, Buddy, I don't want to play, but I've got a kid brother who can take you.' Bob said the guy just laughed and bent another spike and said, 'Oh, yeah? Maybe your kid brother'd like to go for two hundred bucks.' Well, when we get to this tavern for the match, the first thing the big palooka does is to double up another one of those spikes. 'To warm up,' he tells me. But when we play,

I blow him off the table, and as we're leaving Bob pulls a 10 off that big roll of bills and tells the guy, 'Here. Go buy yourself some more spikes.'"

After nine years at the foundry, Turner took a job at a lumberyard in Brockton, where he worked until a few weeks ago when he hired on in another lumberyard in Watertown. He kept looking for money matches wherever he could find them. "During the early years, I'd have two or three a month, sometimes more," he says. "But by the late '60s, word had got around, and I went almost five years

without a match." Then, in 1972, things took a decisive turn.

They began with Turner's first money match after the five-year dry spell. Brother Bob had been out looking at cars one day and had seen a heavy-set man at a car lot arm-wrestling a man who was using two hands. It turned out that the big man had never been beaten, and was practicing for the national championships coming up in Scranton. One thing led, as it will, to another, and that weekend Turner broke his five-year drought. His match against the unbeaten arm wrestler was built up, with backing from friends and relatives, to \$1,200 a side. Turner took it. So convincingly did he win that the big man turned to him after the match and said, "Hey, you should be the one going to Scranton."

The site of the \$1,200 match was the Russell Club, a neighborhood tavern in Brockton, now torn down, where Turner and his wife used to drink with their friends. The week after the match, the gang at the club got together and urged him to take the big guy's advice. Turner hesitated, knowing nothing of contest arm wrestling, but at last, after his friends sweetened their urgings with a promise of free drinks for a year if he could finish third or better, Turner decided to give the nationals a shot.

Thus it was that, at the age of 44, never having entered, or even seen, an arm-wrestling tournament, Al Turner went to Scranton and marched through one astonished opponent after another, stopping only when the national championship and a year of free drinks were safely on ice. It was an incredible feat. The more so when one bears in mind that Turner's only preparation was his occasionally heavy work at the lumberyard. He had never trained with weights, and except for the \$1,200 match, he had not even pulled arms for five years. No practice, no friendly matches in the evenings at the Russell Club. "After bouncing a few people at the foundry over what were supposed to have been friendly bouts," he says, "I decided I'd better skip the friendly matches and just play for money. I had enough rough stuff in the old days."

The "old days" to which Turner refers were the years 1950 through 1952 when, after coming out of the Marines with 77 straight wins as an amateur welterweight and middleweight boxer, he picked up a little extra money by sparring with another Brockton boy—by the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKART



Turner, 5' 11½", 205, started working out with weights at 48

laughed and asked me if I'd like to try. So I did, and I dumped him. And then I dumped him again. And from that day on I never lost a match until 1973, when I was beaten in the finals of the nationals by Steve Stanaway."

During the 30 years between 1942 and 1972, when Turner entered his first arm-wrestling tournament, he "pulled arms" thousands of times: against his schoolmates, at first, against his buddies in the Marines, against an even wider variety of contenders once he had left the service and returned home to Brockton, Mass.

*continued*



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name of Rocco Marchegiano, a.k.a. Rocky Marciano. Turner had been discharged in 1950, just after Marciano had beaten Roland LaStarza in a heavyweight match, and for the next two years they were frequent sparring partners. "I went to 175 pounds right after the service," Turner says, "but it wasn't enough against that animal. He only knew one thing, and that was both barrels blazing. That's what he gave you, whether you were fighting or sparring. I had about as much chance with him in the ring as he had with me on the arm-wrestling table. He liked to play, though, and he tried me a few times, without much luck. But, oh, my God, how he could hit!" Turner pauses, remembering, and laughs. "I'll tell you one thing, he came out of our arm-wrestling matches looking a heck of a lot better than I looked coming out of those bouts with him."

In those days, and for years afterward, when Turner had a match with Marciano or anyone else it was usually contested sitting down, elbows on a table, with right hands clasped in a thumb-around-thumb "soul shake" grip. The inverted handshake grip, in which the thumbs don't touch, was almost never used, even then, by serious arm wrestlers, though for some reason it is the grip most frequently seen in the movies—those movies where the bad guy's hand is slowly forced down on such things as candle flames, daggers and scorpions. The reason for the unpopularity of the inverted handshake grip among arm wrestlers, as opposed to movie directors, is that it makes a quick victory much more difficult, because there are a variety of tricks a weaker person can use to thwart a stronger opponent—laying the wrist back, for example, and loosening the grip, thereby giving the stronger player nothing to push or pull against. Because of the delaying tactics possible with the handshake grip, and because the thumblock grip tends to equalize variations in hand size, the handshake style, with its marathon matches, has fallen completely out of favor. And good riddance. Had the old man in Hemingway's story about fishing and fortune insisted on the thumblock in his first tie-up with "the great negro from Cienfuegos," the match would have ended some 24 hours sooner than it did, though the victory might then have sustained the old man less well years later, when he was alone with the great fish and in need.

Regardless of the grip, one thing the Hemingway story does imply is that arm wrestling—or wrist wrestling, or hand wrestling, or Indian wrestling, or the hand game, or pulling arms, or twisting wrists, or whatever it's called in the many places around the world where it is done—is no fledgling. How old it is only God would know, but it seems safe to surmise that men have been arm wres-

ting on anyone in the house, but the sport never caught on. During the 1940s and '50s, however, a bartender, the legendary Ian (Mac) Batchelor, began to focus a big more attention on the sport. Until he retired in the 1960s at the age of about 60, Batchelor took on all comers, night after night, year after year, at his bar in Los Angeles, playing right hand or left, seated or standing, handshake or thumb-



Turner overcame Richard Lukes in Kansas City to win his eighth national championship in 11 tries

ting for at least as long as they've had tables to play on and something to drink.

Its great age notwithstanding, until the last few years arm wrestling has remained pretty much confined to the taverns, lumber camps and docks of America, even though very few men in this country have reached their majority without arm wrestling. Who would wager that more men in the U.S. have played a set of tennis or nine holes of golf than have had a crack at the hand game?

Familiarity, however, is not to be confused with continuing interest, and only recently has the sport begun to wipe the foam off its upper lip and step out into the heady glare of the television lights. In the early part of the century, men such as Hermann Goerner, George F. Jowett and Arthur Dandurand gave arm-wrestling exhibitions in which they would either face a specified opponent or take

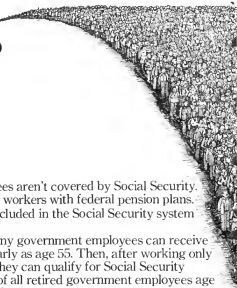
lock, sick or well, tired or fresh, drunk or sober—and straightened the arm of every man he met.

During the past decade, there has not only been disagreement about the rules of arm wrestling, but also about the name of the game. Though "arm wrestling" has historically been more widely used, Bill Soberanes, a Petaluma, Calif. promoter, has employed his considerable talents to make a local event that he, or somebody, called "wrist wrestling" into such a media success that for a time it looked as if the term "arm wrestling" would sink slowly out of sight. Then, in the mid and late '60s, other promoters began organizing tournaments, most of which they called "arm-wrestling" championships. But the struggle continues.

The most consistent and, according to many players, scifless, promoter of whatever the game is called, is Scranton's Bob

*continued*

# WHY YOU SHOULD 5,900,000 PEOPLE FORGOT.



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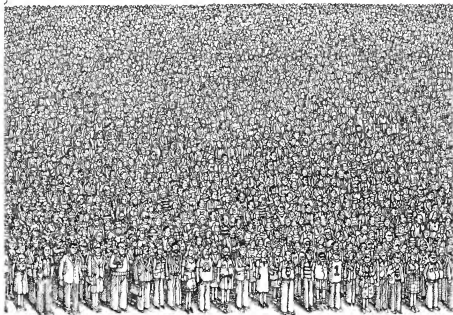
First, under the present system many government employees can receive substantial government pensions as early as age 55. Then, after working only a few years in non-government jobs, they can qualify for Social Security benefits, too. In one recent year, 67% of all retired government employees age 65 and over were also drawing Social Security benefits.

This practice, although legal, is a financial drain. It enables former government workers to get Social Security benefits which are unduly large in relation to what they paid into the system. Bringing government employees into Social Security would eventually eliminate this and provide a healthy injection of billions of dollars into the system in the first year alone. Obviously, the change should not be made overnight. And the pension rights of government employees should be protected.

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workers have less disability and survivor protection than non-government employees. And they may work for years with no disability protection at all.

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O'Leary, who has run either a national or a "world" championship since 1971. Although O'Leary has never sought competitors from outside the U.S. or given prize money, this past year he has begun to send feelers to other countries, and to make plans for big purses. He hopes to hold the sport's first truly international event in Alberta, Canada in November of 1979, because his efforts have led players in 14 countries, including India, Canada and Japan, to take out memberships in his World Arm Wrestling Federation.

O'Leary has also branched out into "stand-up" arm wrestling, in which the opponents face each other, as usual, elbows down on a pad, right hands in a thumb-to-thumb grip and left hands gripping vertical pegs on each side of the table. But instead of being seated, they stand. In both styles, a referee starts a match by gripping the locked hands and centering them. He says, "Ready," then shouts, "Go!" as he removes his hands. Purists correctly assert that the stand-up style of play places a higher priority on technique than does the seated, where raw strength is more important, but each style has its advocates, and so O'Leary has decided to sanction both.

Undoubtedly, one of the reasons for the popularity of the standing style is that it has received a great deal of publicity through the years from the Petaluma contest on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. The Petaluma event has always featured stand-up play, and this has influenced other promoters besides O'Leary. It also features the one characteristic of wrist wrestling that continues to separate it from arm wrestling: the opponents' left hands, rather than gripping vertical pegs, grasp each other in the space between the planted right elbows and below the thumblocked right hands. This double-grip style of play, in the opinion of many competitors, vitiates the spirit of the sport by providing too many opportunities for techniques that not only are hard to officiate but often foil superior strength. The other major promoter in this country, Steve Simons, of the World Professional Armwrestling Association, evidently agrees with these competitors, because his organization, which for the last several years has promoted events with the biggest purses, uses a pegged table.

Whether or not the philosophical, personal, political and monetary differences among the three major, and the dozen

or so minor, organizations in the sport will ever be sufficiently resolved to permit standardization of the rules seems unlikely. Promoter George Koulizos of Houston is trying at least to bring the groups together for discussions. One thing is certain—some sort of standardization would benefit both the athletes and, in the long run, the sport itself.

"Hey, look at it this way," Al Turner says, warming to the subject. "I pulled in the 220-pound class at Scranton, sitting down, then dropped to the 200-pound class two weeks later for the big stand-up meet in Ontario, since they didn't have a 220-pound class. How can a guy train to be at his best at a certain body weight and style with that facing him? How do you think a good light heavy would feel if he had to fight one month at 166, the next month at 184 and the next at 175? And if half the time he couldn't hit out of a crouch? C'mon."

**I**n the old days, these discrepancies would not have mattered so much to Turner. Back then he took on anyone, any size, any style. But the purses are growing. He won the \$750 first prize in Ontario and \$500 last month in Kansas City, and he has now been putting in some hours in his homemade gym for a change because—dare it be said?—he may not have more than 10 or 12 years at the top.

In 1974, having lost in the finals of the nationals to Stanaway for the second year in a row, Turner thought he would hang it up. Reasoning that he had had a lot of great matches, a lot of laughs and a fairytale year in 1972, and that he was, after all, 46 years old, he figured it was time to yield to the young bulls. What he failed to figure on was a weight lifter and arm wrestler from Nashua, N.H., by the name of Ralph Raymond, a New England Frenchman who invited him up right after the "retirement" and told him, "Al, you got too much in the heart and too much in the arm to let it go. You've never even trained, for God's sake! Nature, she can only do so much. You come to my gym a couple times a month and we train. Next year we get that Stanaway."

And next year they did. Since 1974, when Turner began to train with Raymond and regained his national championship, no one within 75 pounds of his body weight has put him down, if you except a controversial decision last

year in the finals of the World Professional Armwrestling Championships in Houston, when Bob Howell, a powerful young player from Reno, got the jump on Turner by making his move before the referee had called "go." The ref didn't call it, and Turner was so far down before he began to pull that, strong as he was, he couldn't make it back.

Just how strong is this 5'11½", 205-pound, 50-year-old man? Well, he can hold himself steady for 15 seconds in a halfway position in a chin-up, with 75 pounds tied to his waist, using only one hand. With four years of concentrated weight training added to his natural gifts, no one in the sport, not even the super-heavyweights of 242 pounds and more, can handle the poundages he can in the specialized exercises—one-arm curls, wrist curls, table curls—favored by arm wrestlers. These days, although he often runs five miles a day and handles quite a bit of lumber at the yard, most of his exercise is done in the attic over the second-story walkup apartment where he lives with Barbara, his wife of 29 years. He goes up to the attic, which is lit by a single bulb on a long cord, at least four evenings a week and tackles a two-hour session of arm, wrist and hand work with dumbbells and pulleys and leverage devices that would sore up an orangutan.

But his most important workouts come once every two weeks when either he and Barbara drive up to Nashua or Ralph Raymond and his wife drive down to Brockton. In a corner of the Turners' neat dining room, in a place of honor surrounded by 50 or 60 arm-wrestling trophies, is a framed statement, given to Turner by Raymond. "What a disgrace it is," the plaque reads, "for a man to grow old without ever seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable."

And so, every second Saturday, they stand side by side and read that statement (Raymond has one, too) and then they put a case of beer in a cooler and disappear into their gym, reappearing three or four hours later after having pushed, pulled, yanked and twisted on the weights, after having pushed, pulled, yanked and twisted on each other, and after, of course, having drunk every last beer in the cooler. "I love those Saturdays," Turner says, in that wonderful boxer's voice, "We don't drink fast, but we drink steady. It keeps us loose, prevents injuries. We have to be careful. Ralph's 49, you know."

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Whether it's one play, a series of plays, a game or a record, anything that occurs in a World Series is starkly different from the regular season. It's as though everything is played under some immense magnifying lens (TV's vast coverage and startling technology make that analogy far more applicable today than a generation ago).

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# THE WORLD SERIES

Regular-season stardom, even superstardom, holds scant guarantee of a ripple effect in the World Series. The leading righthanded hitter in post-season play was Pepper Martin, who hit 418 righthanded in three Cardinal series. He was a .298 lifetime hitter.

The most effective lefthanded hitter in the Series is another Cardinal, Lou Brock, who has performed at a .391 clip in 21 games. Lifetime he would gladly settle for an even .300 in the majors to go along with his all-time mark of 14 for stolen bases.

Yankee players have figured in a lot of World Series records because Yankee players have been in a lot of World Series. Yogi Berra appeared in 75 games, Mickey Mantle 65, Whitey Ford pitched in 22 games, winning 10 while serving as Opening Day pitcher eight times.

Among the Yankees righthanders, Alie Reynolds and Red Ruffing are tied with St. Louis' Bob Gibson, each with seven Series victories.

Series records remain something special. Some of them are offered here to refresh the memory at this special time in the sports year.

As a national institution, the World Series was only two years old when Christy Mathewson put together his pitching performance, which has withstood the onslaught of seven decades. His three shutouts, pitched within a six-day span, Monday through Saturday, shine like triple-beacons across the

pages of baseball history. Other hurlers have won three games in a Series, never by blanking the opposition in every start.

Almost as remarkable as pitching three shutouts is the fact that Mathewson pitched them at the tender age of 25, a stage when most pitchers are still feeling around for the stitching. Throwing out those eight-game series of a half-century back, there have been nine pitchers who have won three games in a World Series. The latest three, were Lew Burdette of Milwaukee, Bob Gibson of St. Louis, and Mickey Lolich of Detroit.

Christy was a rare gem at a time when

there were a lot of diamonds in the rough cavorting in the majors. He was college-trained, a star football player, but he saved his greatest feats for baseball. His 373 victories tie him for the National League record with Grover Alexander. Never once did Mathewson point a finger elsewhere for any of his 188 losses.

He won 30 or more for three straight years, and 20 or more a dozen consecutive seasons. He played for the toughest manager in the business, then or now, John J. McGraw. Early in their relationship the fiery McGraw made a cool appraisal and announced, "Matty knows as much about the batters as I do."

Mathewson came to the big leagues better armed than any of his contemporaries. He had all the pitches, plus one. In the minors in New England an aging rival had shown him a pitch which made the ball, thrown by a righthander, curve *in* on a right-handed hitter. It was thrown like a curve but there was a quick wrist-snap as the ball left the hand and went skidding off the thumb.

Constant practice made Mathewson a master of this pitch, a ventrally dubbed the "fadeaway." Today we know it as the "screwball," or "scroogie." Since Matty could "throw the ball into a tin cup at pitching range," according to Johnny Evers of the famed Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance Cubs' infield, there's small wonder that Matty was held in almost as much awe by his rivals as by the general public.



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

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Like Stan Musial four decades later, who could remember every speed of every pitch by every pitcher he faced, Matty also had a built-in computer. He remembered, and if a batter connected with one particular pitch he'd wait a long, long time for Matty to throw it to him again. A revealing story of this side of Matty's skill concerned a rookie with the Cardinals who got lucky during a hot streak and went three-for-four against Mathewson one afternoon. He made the mistake of thinking he was actually that good.

Listening to his crowing, one of his teammates asked, "Do you remember what sort of balls he gave you?"

"No, why should I?"

"Because HE will," was the response.

Matty's talent exceeded his luck. He moved on to Cincinnati to manage for

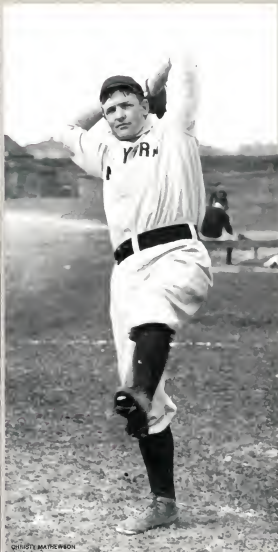
#### WORLD SERIES SHUTOUTS

WINS	SHO	PITCHER
5	4	CHRISTY MATHEWSON
5	3	MORDECAI BROWN
10	3	WHITNEY FORD
4	2	LEW BURDETTE
4	2	BILL DUNNEEN
7	2	BOB GIBSON
3	2	BILL MALLAMAN
4	2	SANDY KOUFAX
7	2	ART NEUF
7	2	ALLIE REYNOLDS

three years and from there he entered the Army as an officer in Chemical Warfare and suffered a whiff of gas. He developed tuberculosis, fought it for a while in the Adirondacks and then returned to baseball as a coach with the Giants and President of the Boston Braves. He died in 1925, was admitted to the Hall of Fame in the initial group of inductees in 1936.

One final note: that fourth World Series shutout came against the Athletics in 1913, eight years after his history-making three-in-a-row performance, and it showed he merely didn't happen to enjoy a hot half-dozen days back in '05. But he must have been slowing down by 1913 because it took him 2-22 to complete that final one. None of the three earlier games lasted two hours.

His name was John Franklin Baker and he was out of Trapps, Md., where he had been born on the same farm as his father and his grandfather. The "John Franklin" would have drawn a blank among pre-World War I baseball fans. He was Home Run Baker, a home run slugger in the World Series and a home



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

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because of his wife's illness, but played semi-pro.

Sixty years after it occurred, the Black Sox incident still tarnishes that segment of World Series history... a less than 100 percent effort to win baseball's greatest prize by one of the two contending teams. The Cincinnati Reds won in 1919, five games to three. Whether they could have done it against a Chicago club trying all the way will be debated forever.

Eight players were put out of the game permanently. At least three, outfielder Shoeless Joe Jackson, pitcher Ed Cicotte, and third baseman Buck Weaver were definitely of Hall of Fame caliber. In Weaver's case, it was a bitter, unrelieved tragedy.

Weaver hit .324 in that series. Coupled with a .333 in the Series against the

Cubs two years earlier he had a total average of .327, and still stands as the only switch-hitter in World Series history to top .300. On the all-time list men like Frankie Frisch (.294), Wally Schang (.287), Tom Tresh (.277), Rip Collins (.277), Red Schoendienst (.269), and Pete Rose (.264), all trail the Sox third baseman who went to his grave in the mid-'50's pleading his innocence.

A great many believed him. Some 30,000 people signed a petition asking he be permitted to return. Weaver used to button-hole baseball writers of a subsequent generation and say, "Tell them I'll play for nothing."

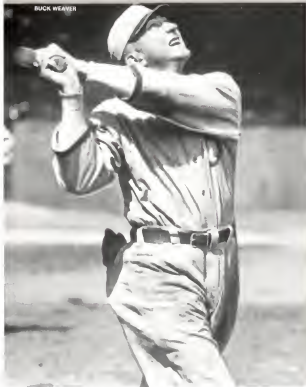
Doing nothing had been his crime. He knew of the conspiracy ("How would you like to make a lot of dough, Kid?" asked Eddie Cicotte, one of the ring leaders) and Weaver admitted he had said noth-

# ALL TIME WORLD SERIES BATTING AVERAGES, SWITCH HITTERS

(minimum 13 games and 45 at bats)

GAMES	AT BATS	HITS	AVG.	PLAYER
14	55	18	.327	BUCK WEAVER
50	197	58	.294	FRANKIE FRISCH
32	94	27	.287	WALLY SCHANG
18	65	18	.277	TOM TRESH
13	47	13	.277	JAMES COLLINS
19	78	21	.269	AL SCHOENST
23	91	24	.264	PETE ROSE
13	46	12	.261	REDGIE SMITH
65	230	59	.257	MICKIE MANTLE
20	76	18	.237	MARK KENNEDY
21	78	19	.244	MAURIE WILLS
39	147	31	.211	JOE GILLIAM
15	58	12	.207	JOHN BUFOLO

BUCK WEAVER



FRANKIE FRISCH





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**Hammer it.**



**Join it.**



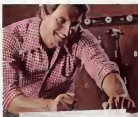
**Shave it.**



**Level it.**



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"I did it over a weekend," writes Bob Chambers, Seattle, Wash. "If I could do it, anyone can," says Al White, Rochester, N.H. And, from David Harris, Bowie, Md., "My doubts dissolved once I started. Just followed the Stanley plans set."

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ing about it. He probably paid one of the most severe penalties in the history of all sports for keeping quiet, hoping it would all disappear.

Weaver was a righthanded batter who developed his left-handed hitting ability after he was already in the big leagues. At the end he had become a true .300 hitter. He was also murder on those attempting to bunt, a bigger thing in the era of the dead ball than it is today. He drove Ty Cobb frantic when he'd creep into virtually the vicinity of Cobb's belt buckle in a bunt situation.

Weaver was around sports the rest of his life. He worked as a mutuels clerk at the racetrack; he ran a girls' softball team around Chicago, which was the fountainhead of the sport beginning with the 1933 World's Fair. As time dims the enormity of the crime, details and principals tend to blur. Already practically

forgotten are the names of the gamblers who led the ballplayers astray. And among the eight men out, the ones whose names really still stand out are Shoeless Joe Jackson, the best hitter, and Buck Weaver, the worst treated.

All-time batting leader for the World Series is neither a Hall of Famer or a gum-card perennial. Johnny Leonard Roosevelt (Pepper) Martin was a craggy Oklahoman with a lifetime batting average of .298 and a magnificent disregard for life and limb, his or anyone else's. He played with the Cardinals 13 years, and got into two World Series in the '30s in which he batted .418. He was never seen on TV, and there's nothing in the Hall of Fame, and won't be, to indicate he has passed this way.

For one flaming interval, however, Pepper Martin epitomized the ultimate

in baseball ability and desire. In 1931 he personally led the Cardinals to a World Series triumph over the favored Philadelphia Athletics.

Martin collected a dozen hits and hit .500 for the seven-game series. He drove in five runs and stole five bases against the redoubtable Mickey Cochrane. Down the years has come the line, "Pepper Martin stole Mickey Cochrane's catcher's mitt in that series," altered for more delicate ears from an original, "Pepper Martin stole Mickey Cochrane's jockstrap." The line had a special meaning since Martin never wore one, causing strong men to quail when he made one of his headlong belly slides.

The year 1931 has been referred to loosely as Pepper Martin's "rookie" year. Actually, he had spent part of two seasons on the St. Louis bench. Later he was to recall he spent those seasons at

#### ALL TIME WORLD SERIES RIGHT HANDED BATTERS BATTING AVERAGE

(Minimum 16 games and 55 at bats)

GAMES	AT BATS	HITS	AVG.	PLAYER
18	64	22	.344	JIMMIE FOXX
28	99	33	.333	BILLY MARTIN
19	54	18	.333	JULIAN JAVIER
19	73	24	.329	AL SIMMONS
16	66	21	.323	ALVIN DARK
23	85	27	.318	HANK GREENBERG
20	71	22	.310	FRANK CHANCE
36	131	40	.305	BOBBY RICHARDSON
19	70	21	.300	JOE RUDI
16	60	18	.300	WALKER COOPER
16	57	17	.298	ARTHUR HOFMAN
39	133	39	.293	BILL SKOWRON
18	62	18	.290	JOHN MEYERS



PEPPER MARTIN



**"Alaska's cold could make a polar bear shiver.  
But Motorcraft batteries had the power to deliver."**

A black and white photograph of Muhammad Ali. He is wearing a heavy, light-colored parka with a fur-lined hood and dark gloves. He is holding a Motorcraft car battery in front of him with both hands. The words "Tested Tough" are printed in large, bold, black letters across the front of his parka, partially obscuring the battery. The background is a snowy, industrial landscape with various structures and pipes.

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Tough**

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*"So repeat after me—  
The greatest, Muhammad Ali,  
Motorcraft batteries they have the stuff.  
Motorcraft is tested tough."*

**Motorcraft** 



**Tested Tough**

Houston and Rochester day-dreaming about what he would do if he ever got into a World Series.

What he did was to tie the record for a dozen hits. His breath-taking play on offense and defense, gave the beleaguered nation something to think about briefly other than deserted factories, lengthening bread lines and whole states blowing away in dust.

Three years later Pepper Martin had another shot at the Series. This time the opposition was Detroit, and Mickey Cochrane was the playing manager. Martin came close to equalling his previous hit production with 11, but the fireworks were provided by a Cardinal teammate, Joe Medwick, who had to leave the seventh game after a vegetable and newspaper shower by the Detroit fans following his collision at

#### ALL TIME WORLD SERIES VICTORIES, RIGHT HANDED PITCHERS

GAMES	WINS	PITCHER
10	7	RED RUFFING
15	7	ALLIE REYNOLDS
9	7	BOB GIBSON
12	6	WAITE HOYT
10	6	CHIEF BENDER
6	5	JACK DOOMBS
11	5	VIC RASCHI
9	5	MORDECAI BROWN
11	5	CHRISTY MATHEWSON
4	4	MONTY PEARSON
7	4	TOMMY BRIDGES
19	4	JIM CATFISH HUNTER
6	4	LEW BURDETTE
10	4	DON LARSEN
8	4	GEORGE EARNSHAW
15	4	BOB TURLEY

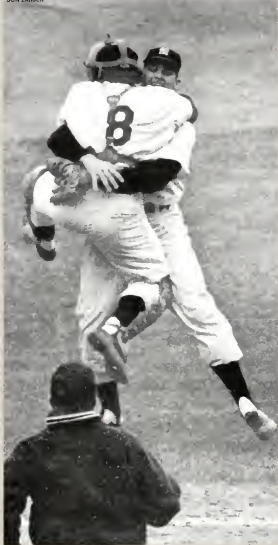
third with the Tigers' Marv Owen. Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis ordered Medwick out of the game as a safety measure, no hardship on the Cardinals who were leading by nine runs.

Landis was to relate later that he had been momentarily distracted, and hadn't picked up the action on the field until it was already well under way. He had gone a half-dozen rows back from his front-rail box to explain to a friend that he was finally able, after all these years, to spit through his teeth, thanks to watching Pepper Martin.

Martin's .418 still shines brightly. Closest is a contemporary Cardinal, Lou Brock, who has .391 for 21 games. And in third place is Henry Aaron, the all-time home run champion.

Martin is in excellent company. Aaron

DON LARSEN



is ticketed for the Hall of Fame as soon as his mandatory five-year waiting period ends. Brock will eventually make it, too, though it might take a little longer for the all-time base-stealing champ. But Marter, who played with an intensity virtually unknown in today's game, will be remembered only when someone digs through old Series accounts and records and zeroes in on the Cardinals of the Depression-wracked days.

Nine other righthanded World Series pitchers have won more World Series games than Don Larsen. Ted Lunde, Allie Reynolds and Bob Gibson are tied at the top with seven. Larsen is grouped with a half-dozen others who have won four.

None won more dramatically than Larsen when he pitched his perfect game for the Yankees against the Dodgers in Yankee Stadium on a hazy October afternoon in 1956. There have been 10 perfect games fashioned in the century of major-league competition, but his was the only one in post-season.

Details of Larsen's 97 pitches have been examined many times. There is that final tableau of Dale Mitchell's half-swing at a final third strike with plate umpire Babe Pinelli's arm shooting out in the last call of his career. There is the hair-raising recovery made by Gil McDougald for a successful peg to first after Jackie Robinson had flied a shot at third baseman Andy Carey. It caromed off Andy McDougald was on it like a cat for a successful throw to first. Not too many of those, Series or no Series—a third-to-short-to-first sequence.

There's Mickey Mantle running a mile in the fifth inning for a backhanded catch on Gil Hodges, and, in that same inning, there's the drive by little Sandy Amoros curving into foul territory in right, missing by no more than a foot.

What isn't as well remembered, perhaps, is that earlier Larsen had been Casey Stengel's choice to try to pull the Yankees back even after the Dodgers had chased Whitey Ford in the opener. So Larsen started game number two at Ebbets Field and failed to survive the second inning. Even with a six-run lead.

Larsen was wild, and when he was over the plate they hit him. Eventually the Dodgers won that game with 13 runs for a 2-0 lead in games. Whitey Ford and Tom Sturdivant got the Yankees even with victories in games number three and four.

Cassidy wrestled with it for a while and picked Larsen as his fifth-game starter over Bob Turley, the other possible pick.

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DON LARSEN

His choice proved absolutely correct. Sal Maglie, the Dodger pitcher, hurled a five-hitter capable of winning most World Series games, but not much can be done against a no-hitter, particularly one where nobody gets on base. Fanning seven, Larsen went to a three-balls count on only one batter.

He pitched with a no windup stance, and the media made a big thing of it, about its baffling the batters who usually keyed on a pitcher's windup. Larsen went along with it, telling everyone this radical move came to him in a revelatory flash earlier in the season while warming up for a Red Sox game. The technique might have worked for a perfect game,

but it didn't affect Larsen's subsequent career too much. He finished up with more lifetime losses than victories. His perfect game is rated number three among baseball's all-time Most Memorable Moments, behind Henry Aaron's 715th homer, and Bobby Thomson's playoff-winning blast, but ahead of Babe Ruth's "called shot" and Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak.

Mickey Mantle hit an all-time high of 18 World Series homers, so the title of switch-hitting champion in this specialty accrues to him automatically. The best of the lefty home run hitters was Babe Ruth with 15; righthanded it was a triple-

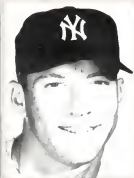
#### ALL TIME WORLD SERIES HOME RUNS, SWITCH HITTERS

SERIES	HOMERS	PLAYER
12	18	MIKEY MANTLE
2	5	REGGIE SMITH
3	4	TOM TRESH

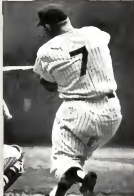
ble among Joe DiMaggio, Bill Skowron and Frank Robinson, all with eight.

Mantle hit more lefthanded homers in the World Series than righthanded, just as he did in regular season play, for an excellent reason. There are more righthanded pitchers than lefthanders. The dynamics of hitting give the advantage

MIKEY MANTLE



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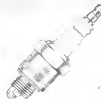
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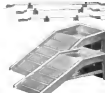
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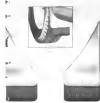
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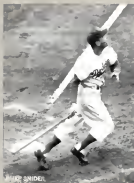
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BABE RUTH

# ALL TIME WORLD SERIES HOME RUNS, LEFT HANDED BATTERS

SERIES	HOMERS	PLAYER
10	15	BABE RUTH
14	12	YOGI BERRA
6	11	DUKE SNIDER
7	10	LOU GEHRIG
5	7	GOOSE GOSSLIN
3	7	REGGIE JACKSON
7	6	ROGER MARIS
4	5	CHARLIE KELLER
6	5	BILL DICKNEY
3	4	MEL OTT
7	4	JOE COLLINS
4	4	TOMMY HENRICH
3	4	LOU BROCK

to a hitter facing a pitcher who throws from the opposite side. At least that's the way they've managed, going all the way back to the Cincinnati Red Stockings.

Mantle hit those 18 round-trippers in nine of 12 World Series. He appeared from 1951 through 1964. The only ones in which he failed to deliver were 1951, when he wound up in the hospital after running into a drain pipe in the outfield in the second game, 1961, when he should have been in the hospital with a nasty hip infection, and 1962, when San Francisco pitching limited him to one double and a couple of singles in a seven-game series decided in the last inning of the final game, won by the Yankees.

Probably his most dramatic round-tripper was his only grand-slammer (a total of only a dozen have been hit in three-quarters of a century of Series



YOGI BERRA



JOE DIMAGGIO

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FRANK ROBINSON

play) hit against the Dodgers in the 1953 World Series.

The drama of this particular homer was heightened because the Yankees had blown a two-game lead. In one of the games in which the Dodgers pulled even, Carl Erskine fanned a then-record total of 14 Yankees. He got Mantle four straight times.

In the third inning of the fifth game, a youthful Johnny Podres loaded the bases without giving up a hit. He was wild. An error also contributed to the problem. It set the stage for the appearance of Russ Meyer, a fiery-tempered right-hander.

Mantle had batted right-handed against Podres and had smashed a wicked hopper down to the Dodgers' skinny third baseman, Billy Cox. He handled it with his customary aplomb,

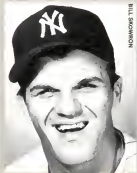
#### ALL TIME WORLD SERIES HOME RUNS, RIGHT HANDED BATTERS

SERIES	HOMERS	PLAYER
5	3	FRANK ROBINSON
10	3	JOE DIMAGGIO
8	3	BILL SKOWRON
8	2	GIL McDOUGALO
9	2	HANK BAUER
4	6	AL SIMMONS
4	5	HANK GREENBERG
4	5	JOHNNY BENCH
4	5	BILLY MARTIN
7	5	GIL HOODES
10	5	ELSTON HOWARD
7	4	TONY LAZZERI
3	4	JIMMIE FOXX
6	4	JOE GORDON
5	4	ROY CAMPANELLA
3	4	GENE TENACE

which included holding it and reading the signature before whizzing it across to first. Against Meyer, Mickey turned around and caught the first outside pitch. It rocketed into the upper left field seats for four runs, and it helped insure Casey Stengel's remarkable record of five straight World Series triumphs, 1949-1953.

Whitey Ford, Mickey's buddy had a boyhood sweetheart who has been his wife for more than a quarter-century. Her name is Joan, and it's important to this story. Whitey is the Yankee Hall of Famer who holds the record for most World Series victories (10). It's three better than the runner-up effort by anyone else. The closest lefthander is a Yankee of an earlier era, Lefty Gomez, with six.

Whitey pitched for 16 years in the big leagues, compiled a 236-106 mark for a



BILL SKOWRON

690 percentage, best among 20th century hurlers. Toward the end of his career, he had arm and shoulder problems and needed a little help. He sought it from two sources, the standard orthopedic consultation, and a less-standard doctoring of the ball to make it do things it normally wouldn't. Only in a dire emergency, of course.

Whitey had a jeweler friend make him a ring which looked like a plain, tasteful wedding band. It had something added, a little rasp-like area on the palm side where Whitey could give the nice fresh baseball a rough spot. All he needed was that little twisting pressure against the ring as he held the ball in his glove and peered toward the plate. It worked, says Whitey, and well.

"One day," recalled Whitey, "we were playing Kansas City and I wasn't doing

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WHITEY FORD

too good. I had to use the ring more than I wanted to, and even then they were getting a piece of the ball. Not a good piece, but they were fouling it off.

"Al Dark was managing the club and a lot of the fouls were rolling over to him at the dugout. Instead of throwing them back he was keeping them. When he had four or five he took them out to the plate umpire, Hank Soar, and showed them to him. They all had a pretty good rub, and it was in the same place and the same size.

"You remember how big Soar was. He used to play fullback for the Giants before he became an umpire. Now here he comes, looking down at me, and I know he knows I'm doing something.

"How 'ye doin' it, Whitey?" he says. "Doin' what?" I ask.

"Let's see your hands. I take off the

glove and show him my two hands. He sees the ring. 'What's this?' he says.

"I say a silent prayer to Joan to forgive me and say, 'It's my wedding ring.'"

"Take it off," he says, "and don't put it back on again."

"So I took it off, and later I gave it to the clubhouse man and told him to put it away for me in the trunk where we kept all the valuables. I forgot about it but when I was packing up after my last game I remembered the ring and asked Pete about it.

"What ring?" he asks.

"The ring I gave you with the thing on the bottom."

"Oh that," he said, "I threw that away. I wasn't going to get caught with anything like that in my trunk."

"That's great," I said. "That ring cost me a hundred bucks."

#### ALL TIME WORLD SERIES VICTORIES, LEFT HANDED PITCHERS

GAMES	WINS	PITCHER
22	10	WHITEY FORD
7	6	LEFTY GOMEZ
10	5	HERB PENNOCK
7	4	HARRY BRECHEN
7	4	EDDIE LOFAT
6	4	JOHNNY PODRES
8	4	KEN HOLTZMAN
8	4	LEFTY GROVE
6	4	CARL HUBBELL
9	4	DAVE McNALLY
8	4	SAMMY KOUFAX
8	4	WARREN SPAHN
12	4	ART NEHE



WHITEY FORD

Ford's World Series records include most losses (eight), most innings (146, of which 33½ were consecutive scoreless ones). He was also the pick to open the World Series eight times. Somewhere along the line he might have had help, but he also could find that low outside corner a lot better than most.

General managers tend to become snappish when scouts wax rhapsodic about the fleetness of some .250 hitter they've noted. "No one," is the time-honored rejoinder, "ever stole first base."

Give Lou Brock a chance. He's stolen just about everything else, and he isn't through yet. Last year he shattered what was considered a positively unassailable record, 892 stolen bases by Ty Cobb over a 24 season career. Brock did it in 17, 16 if you throw out a year which consisted of four games as a rookie.

Brock also shares the World Series bases-stealing record of 14, not with Cobb, who played in only three series (as did Brock), but with Eddie Collins, who played in six. Brock actually put all those stealing efforts into two Series, 1967 and 1968, when he got seven in each. In his 1964 Series against the Yankees he was just becoming accustomed to being a Cardinal after his trade from the Cubs. He batted a meager .300 and stole nothing. In the two subsequent Series, he batted .414 and .464 to average out at a pace-setting .391 for left-handed hitters.


Lou Brock has stolen more than bases in St. Louis. He has captured the acclaim of the populace, which voted him the Cardinals' "Most Memorable Personality" in a 1975 poll, a truly memorable achievement considering that people like Bob Gibson, Frankie Frisch, Dizzy

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SERIES	STOLEN BASES	PLAYER
3	14	LOU BROCK
6	14	EDDIE COLLINS
4	10	FRANK CHANCE
9	10	PHIL RIZZUTO
8	9	FRANKIE FRISCH
2	9	HONUS WAGNER
4	8	JOHNNY EVERS
3	7	PEPPER MARTIN
4	7	JOE TINKER
6	6	JACKIE ROBINSON
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3	6	JOE MORGAN



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Dean, Joe Medwick, Leo Durocher, Marty Marion, Enos Slaughter and Rogers Hornsby, not to mention Stan Musial, all have worn the red and white livery of the Redbirds.

Brock carried a potent vote-getting weapon. He had shattered the all-time record for a single season of base-stealing the year before with 118. Furthermore, he was still out there on the bases stealing more while the customers were balloting.

Nothing can quite capture the attention on a ball field more than a base steal. It is a runner matched against a combination of throws, i.e., the pitch and the catcher's return. The trick is to read the pitcher and psych the catcher. Brock has developed this two-pronged talent beyond anyone who ever played.

"I never saw films of Ty Cobb," he recalled, "but I've read a lot about him. I



TY COBB

don't know how much he stole on the pitcher but the pitcher is the only one I've ever stolen on. The catcher can't get you if he doesn't have time to make the throw."

Stealing has become increasingly difficult, and not because of Brock's encroaching years. "The pitchers have a new system now," he says. "They're taking the stretch on the mound from an unbalanced position, and it's very deceptive. It cuts down on your running time, and the caught-stealing average is much higher the last couple of years. You won't find guys stealing 80 or 90 bases any more."

Or seven in a World Series perhaps? In addition to being an exceptional ball player, perhaps Lou Brock had the advantage of a career in an era of "balanced" pitchers.

BY HAROLD ROSENTHAL

LOU BROCK



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## The Rattlers are rolling

*Florida A&M may be its own worst enemy. The Fearless Fang Gang has the nation's longest winning streak, 15 games, but hope of getting recognition is growing dim*

Rudy Hubbard, head football coach at Florida A&M, is taking a leisurely post-midnight stroll across the Tallahassee campus, having just reassured himself that his players agree with him, the best place for them to be is in their dorm rooms. "I check on them before a game because it lets them know I'm serious," says Hubbard.

Such caution is second nature to Hubbard, because he is another in the line of men who learned their craft at the knee and mouth of Ohio State's Woody Hayes. Hubbard played halfback for the Buckeyes for three years, then coached for six more under Hayes. Asked how much Woody has helped him, Hubbard says, "When you coach for him, you're not a player, but you're not really a coach, either. Nobody can talk when Woody talks, which is all the time. So you have to coach in a whisper so he won't hear you."

Indeed, it appears that Hubbard, who is 32 years old and in his fifth year at A&M, learned his lessons almost too well. Not only must he have been coaching in a whisper but also his football team must have been playing at whisper-level. Otherwise, how could it be that the Florida A&M Rattlers—the Fearless Fang Gang as they call themselves—have the nation's longest winning streak but so few people are aware of it?

As for instance, last Saturday night in Tallahassee the Top 10-ranked Florida State Seminoles played Houston (and were upset 27-21) before a frenzied mob of 41,142. Meanwhile, a mile away, before a crowd of 11,882, the Rattlers beat Howard University 28-7 for their 15th straight win.

All of which tends to make A&M, which was also the only undefeated NCAA football team in 1977, a bit paranoiac. University President Walter L. Smith suspects that his school is overlooked because it is predominantly black. Echoes Quarterback Albert Chester, "It's like the NCAA is a big bus and we're always in the back seats. Nothing is worse than being ignored." Hubbard's defensive coordinator, Fred Goldsmith, agrees. "We've experienced a lot of success," he says, "and little fanfare."

Another reason might be that A&M is a Division IAA school (one of 38 in the country). That means it exists in the mysterious territory somewhere beneath the powerhouses, but nearer to the big

time than, say, Mississippi. Actually, the most plausible reason is A&M's schedule. The Rattlers have fashioned their streak against the likes of Alabama A&M (2-9 in 1977). "We're going to have to change our schedule," Hubbard admits, "but the problem is there aren't a lot of people looking to play us." Hubbard recently sent out 40 letters to lesser members of major conferences suggesting games with A&M. Two schools wrote back to reject the idea; the rest didn't respond at all. Although there is a rumor A&M may have the University of Miami on its schedule next year, the truth is Miami hasn't agreed to play and probably won't. "The sad fact," says President Smith, "is that we do not get the opportunity to prove our quality."

Smith may have a point. After a hiatus of sorts brought on by integration,

black college football is on the rise again. The NCAA scholarship limitation that went into effect last year means that quality players are available to schools other than Division I juggernauts.

And nowhere is this rejuvenation more evident than at Florida A&M. Hubbard has built his team with athletes deemed an inch too short, 10 or 20 pounds too light or a tick too slow to play in the big, big time. But the key to Hubbard's success is he knows how to coach. Goldsmith, who is white, says, "People think of black football as unsound and razzle-dazzle. We play a Michigan defense and an Ohio State offense. The one criticism of us is we're dull."

From 1945 through 1969, A&M generally ruled the black football world under legendary coach Jake Gaither. But his successor resigned after his first season

*continued*



*It doesn't worry Coach Hubbard that the offense run by Chester is "dull." It's Woody's way.*

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**EMPIRE**

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

son; the next coach died in the job; and Hubbard's immediate predecessor was fired. By then the program was a shambles. Woody Hayes, among others, advised Hubbard to stay at Ohio State.

But Hubbard took the job at A&M in 1974, and proceeded not to take Tallahassee by storm. He even had trouble getting in to scout his first high school game because he had no identification. "Look at this Rose Bowl watch with my name on it," fumed Hubbard. The ticket man shot back, "Mickey Mouse has his picture on his watch and I wouldn't let him in either without identification."

Soon, however, Hubbard had A&M football on the road to victory. In 1975, the Rattlers were 9-2, the first time in 11 seasons that they had won that many games. And while they were 6-3-2 in '76, Hubbard felt he had players who were winners. The proof is the winning streak. Goldsmith says, "Rudy is optimistic even when he has no cause to be." Which explains why Hubbard thinks he can raise \$100,000 this year from boosters who never have given more than \$5,000; he is now about \$85,000 short.

And sometimes Hubbard is impatient. It took him four years to get a tower built on the practice field so workouts could be filmed. Now the tower is complete—but a miffed Hubbard is still waiting for the steps to be attached so he can climb up. Appropriately, there's a sign outside Hubbard's office saying, "Getting things done around here is like mating elephants. It's done at a high level. It's accomplished with a lot of roaring and screaming. It takes two years to get any results."

Hubbard had to wait for his confidence in Quarterback Chester to pay off. When Hubbard first saw Chester, on film, as a high school senior, he was appalled to find him alternating at quarterback with a sophomore, on a team that went 2-8. That was bad enough, but the film ended with Chester being hauled off in an ambulance with a broken arm. Nevertheless, A&M decided to take a chance. "He was big," says Hubbard. Today Chester, who is 6'1", 195 pounds, is the Rattlers' best pro prospect. "I can play," he says. "I always reach for the stars. I want to be a Supreme Court Justice."

It was Chester who directed the Rattler blitz of Howard on Saturday, engineering three touchdowns in the first quarter. In A&M's first drive, Albert hit Wingback Bobby Hawkins with consecu-

*continued*



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utive passes good for 31 and 28 yards. Freshman Mike Solomon then went 12 for the score. Three minutes later, Chester passed 12 yards to Tight End David Greene for another touchdown. And just before the end of the quarter, he guided a 59-yard scoring drive, which was climaxed when Tailback Ike Williams, who rushed for 120 yards, went over from the two. Howard came back to score the second touchdown of the year on the Rattlers, but A&M was obviously superior and would extend its streak. Late in the game, Solomon emphasized the point with another score on a three-yard run up the middle.

Hubbard denies the winning streak is subjecting him to pressure. "This is fun," he insists. "Pressure was being an untied head coach with no wins. This is gravy." Indeed, he seems to relish high-risk situations. When he was assistant at Ohio State, he once screwed up his courage and went to Hayes' office to ask for a chance to really coach. Said Hayes, "If you coach, what am I going to do?" The thought was not lost on Hubbard, who is very much the coach at Florida A&M.

## THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**MIDWEST** "I was beaten 69-19 while I coached at Louisville and I threw in the towel. Today I couldn't even find a towel to throw in." So said Lee Corso of Indiana after the Hoosiers' 69-17 loss to Nebraska. The 69 points were the most ever scored against an Indiana squad since the school took up the sport of football in 1885. Nebraska ran for 415 yards and passed for 198. Leading the way was I. M. Hipp, who scored four times from inside the 10 while piling up 123 yards.

The Hoosiers were not alone in being man-handled by Big Eight teams. Northwestern was swamped 55-7 at Colorado. Drake lost 35-7 at Iowa State and Air Force was shut down 34-21 by Kansas State. James Mayberry set a Colorado record by scoring four touchdowns in a single period. In all, Mayberry gained 124 of the Buffaloes' 581 yards.

Iowa State's Dexter Green did not let a sore knee curb his hopes for the Herman Trophy, carrying 22 times for 102 yards, catching two passes for 12 yards and one TD and passing three times for 28 yards. With Quarterback Terry Rulley throwing for three more TDs, the Cyclones notched their fourth game

in a row, their best start in 40 years. Kansas State snapped an 11-game losing streak when it downed Air Force in Mankato. Dan Manucci passed for touchdowns of 56 and 63 yards and scored on two one-yard plunges and a 32-yard sprint.

For the fourth straight game Oklahoma scored the first time it had the ball, Billy Sims zipping 42 yards to start off a 45-23 defeat of Missouri. Sims added TD runs of 50 yards and one yard as Oklahoma built a 28-0 lead in the Big Eight matchup. When the final gun sounded, Sims had gained 166 yards and David Overstreet 153. Uwe Von Schamann of the Sooners broke the NCAA mark for consecutive PAT kicks by extending his string to 93.

Kansas, which the week before had shocked UCLA, was, in turn, jolted by Miami 38-6.

Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, that peerless faultfinder, had difficulty detecting any errors in a 52-0 trouncing of Duke. After saying there "were lots of flaws," Bo backtracked when asked to pinpoint them and said he would have to check the game films.

Woody Hayes of Ohio State had a harder time winning—his Buckeyes held off Baylor 34-28—but was more ecstatic than Bo. "One of the most interesting games I ever saw," Hayes said. Making it interesting was the passing of Steve Smith of the Bears, who hit on half of his 34 aerials for 249 yards and three touchdowns. State's Art Schlichter connected on only three of nine throws and had two intercepted. But one of his passes was good for 51 yards and a touchdown, and Schlichter added a 24-yard scoring run. The Buckeyes gained 373 yards on the ground in this, the 200th OSU win for Hayes. Only one coach has won more often at one school, Amos Alonzo Stagg, who had 243 victories at Chicago. Asked when he would come up with a more balanced offense, Hayes snapped, "There's no such thing in college football. Maybe you can stay in the writing profession talking about balance, but in college ball that's plain undiluted bawdy droppings."

Another Big Ten winner was Wisconsin, which needed a dramatic comeback to remain undefeated. With 2:14 left to play, the Badgers trailed Oregon 19-7. Then Mike Kabaniski, who passed for 232 yards, tossed a 12-yard scoring strike to Tim Stracka. The Badgers recovered an onside luck, and five plays later Kevin Cohee scored from four yards out for the 22-19 win.

Notre Dame avoided a third consecutive loss by scoring 10 points in the third period to overcome Purdue 10-6. Jerome Heavens of the Irish ran 26 yards for the only TD.

Wichita State outlasted West Texas State 38-37 in a Missouri Valley battle. Ball State took command of the Mid-American race by zapping Central Michigan 27-0.

1. OKLAHOMA (4-0)

2. MICHIGAN (3-0) 3. COLORADO (4-0)

**SOUTHWEST** Texas A&M breezed, but Arkansas wheeled as both bested non-conference opponents. The Aggies trampled Memphis State 58-0, NCAA spring champion Curtis Dickey starting the assault by dashing 65 yards for a touchdown on the first play from scrimmage. Before the rout was over, Dickey had earned the ball for 167 yards in 11 rushes, including a second touchdown jump of 31 yards. Altogether, the Aggies amassed 615 yards. Meanwhile, led by End Josh Green's 10 tackles and four sacks, the Aggies limited the Tigers to one yard on the ground and 52 through the air.

Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz was plumb out of one-liners following a harrowing 21-13 come-from-behind victory over Tulsa. The Golden Hurricane, which came to Fayetteville with a 4-0 record, gave the Razorbacks fits for 2½ periods. Tulsa led 7-0 at that juncture, then crumbled. More than anyone, it was Tackle Jimmy Walker who wore down Tulsa, downing Quarterback Dave Rider five times for 43 yards in losses. While Walker was sacking, Ben Covins was rumbling, striding out 118 yards in 21 carries and putting the Razorbacks in front with third-quarter touchdown runs of 24 and three yards.

An opportunistic defense and the running of Johnny (Hami) Jones enabled Texas to stop Texas Tech 24-7 in a Southwest Conference game at Lubbock. Longhorn defenders pounced on four fumbles and intercepted two passes, one at their goal line. The other set up the first Texas score, a 10-yard run by LeRoy King. Fumble recoveries then preceded touchdown runs of 14 and 16 yards by Jones, who wound up with 128 yards rushing. A 47-yard Ren Reeves-to-Godfrey Turner pass for the Red Raiders resulted in the first touchdown of the season against Texas.

Charles Alexander's scoring runs of 19 and 12 yards and his total of 144 yards propelled Louisiana State to a 37-7 victory at Rice.

Traditionally, the winner of the Lamar-Southwestern Louisiana struggle is awarded a bronzed trophy known as the Sabine Shoe, so named because of the Sabine River that forms the Texas-Louisiana border. Last Saturday night the Ragin' Cajuns bumped off the Cardinals 23-16 in the Southland Conference opener for both teams. Also, the Cajuns were not awarded possession of the Shoe. No one was; it's vanished.

1. ARKANSAS (3-0)

2. TEXAS (3-0) 3. TEXAS A&M (3-0)

**EAST** "His ghost is still walking around in the halls," said Gene Filippio of former Army Coach Earl Blank, for whom he played years ago when the Cadets were a powerhouse. But it was no ghost who was honored at halftime and who urged Army to send Washington State "back to the great Pacific Northwest, where they belong." That

*continued*



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was the real, live Earl Black speaking. And sure enough, the Cadets, a 17-point underdog, rallied from a 21-7 halftime deficit to tie the Cougars 21-21. Jimmy Hill scored all of Army's touchdowns, and Glennie Brundage latched on to a two-point conversion pass from Earle Mulrane for the tying points in the final quarter. Jack Thompson of the Cougars tossed two touchdown passes in the second period and was 14 for 21 at the half, but from there on was held to five completions in 15 attempts.

Early in the week an irate Boston College fan wrote Coach Ed Chlebek that, "You said you were going to make us like Notre Dame. You have. We're both 0-2." Unlike the Irish, the Eagles lost again, this time 19-8 to Navy, as 5' 6" Bob Tate booted four field goals.

The game was only 10 seconds old when Penn State scored on TCU. The Horned Frogs had lost a fumble on the day's first play from scrimmage, and the Nittany Lions' Booker Moore promptly booted nine yards for the first of his three touchdowns. Chuck Fursina found the mark on 11 of 14 passes for 165 yards and two touchdowns, as Penn State romped 58-0.

Doug Paschal scored twice for North Carolina, which led 16-13 in the fourth quarter at Pittsburgh. But Freddie Jacobs, who also had scored for the Panthers on turn of three and six yards, caught a 13-yard pass for the touchdown that gave Pitt a 20-16 victory. Throwing that pass was Rick Treco, who hit on 16 of 27 attempts for 229 yards.

"I didn't add any offense and just went with basic plays," said Illinois Coach Gary Moeller. The basics were enough for a 28-14 triumph over winless Syracuse.

Temple, with an offensive line averaging 257 pounds from tackle to tackle, piled up 301 yards rushing and handed Delaware its first defeat 38-7.

The Ivies won five of eight against outside opposition. Four of the winners in these games scored 21 points and two did not allow any points. Columbia was the only team to hit on both ends of this numbers game, toppling Lafayette 21-0. Six of the other games were between intrastate rivals. The Ivy victors were Pennsylvania, which ended Lehigh's 11-game winning streak 21-13; Yale, which beat Connecticut 21-7; Cornell, which topped Colgate 21-12; and Harvard, which blanked Massachusetts 10-0. Two other Ivies were shut out, Princeton 24-0 by Rutgers and Dartmouth 35-0 by Holy Cross. And Rhode Island surprised Brown 17-3.

#### 1. PENN STATE (5-0)

#### 2. PITTSBURGH (3-0) 3. NAVY (3-0)

**SOUTH** A crowd of 56,514, some 2,000 more than the 54,006 capacity of Williams-Brice Stadium, got what it wanted when South Carolina beat Georgia for the first time since 1959. At halftime, the

Gamecocks led only 13-10, but from then on they controlled the ball. So dominant was South Carolina in the third quarter that the Bulldogs ran off only seven plays, three of which resulted in turnovers. All told, South Carolina had the ball 23 of the final 30 minutes. The Gamecocks won 27-10 behind the running of Johnnie Wright (156 yards) and George Rogers (128 yards). For the losers, Willie McClendon ripped off 150 yards.

Another Atlantic Coast Conference team to topple a Southeastern Conference foe was Maryland, which downed Kentucky 20-3. Churning out his fourth 100-yard game in a row for the Terps was Steve Attkins, who rambled for 153 yards.

North Carolina State, with Ted Brown running for 136 yards, took an ACC contest from Wake Forest 34-10, its fourth straight win.

Both teams scored in every period as Alabama surged past Vanderbilt for a 51-28 SEC triumph. The Tide rolled up 569 yards, 448 of them on the ground, but did not move in front for keeps until Tony Nathan raced 63 yards for a touchdown in the third period to make it 24-21. Nathan wound up with 163 yards rushing, with Martin Cox grabbing six of Van Heffin's passes for 133 yards and two TDs, and with Frank Mordica scampering 79 yards for another score, the Commodores actually led 21-16 in the third quarter.

Auburn and Florida were easy SEC victors. The unbeaten Tigers, led by James Brooks' 156 yards in 17 carries, rolled up 462 yards total offense while downing Tennessee 29-10. Florida dealt Mississippi State its first defeat, 34-0.

Houston upset Florida State 27-21. The Cougars, with Emmett King rushing for 142 yards, led 27-0 and barely held off the Seminoles' comeback.

William & Mary had seemingly pulled out a 19-15 win at Virginia Tech when Tom Rozanek combined with Ed Schellertsen on a 59-yard scoring play with 1:29 remaining. But on the game's last play, David Larnie unleashed a bomb to Ron Zollicoffer for a 50-yard TD and a 22-19 Gobbler victory.

#### 1. ALABAMA (3-1)

#### 2. LSU (3-0) 3. MARYLAND (4-0)

**WEST** "I thought we played without emotion," said USC Coach John Robinson after his Trojans had knocked off Michigan State 30-9. Despite the lack of verve that Robinson had feared following the Trojans' upset of Alabama, USC had little trouble overcoming the Spartans' 3-0 first-period lead. Instead of emotion, USC relied on logic. With the Spartans concentrating on shutting off the Trojan sweeps, USC sent Lynn Cain slugging through the comparatively open middle for 96 yards. Despite being keyed on and despite sitting out the fourth quarter, Charles White scored on two short runs and gained 82 yards in 20 carries. Keep-

ing the Spartan defense guessing was Paul McDonald, who connected on scoring passes that covered 13 and 50 yards.

Trying to take advantage of Oregon State's inexperienced offensive linemen, Washington Coach Don James "used more blitzes than any time in my life." They led to six quarterback sacks, six fumbles and a 34-0 Husky win. On the game's ninth play Washington's Joe Steele gained 50 yards for a touchdown. All told, Steele carried 156 yards rushing.

Two other Pac-10 teams picked up victories against outsiders, UCLA beating Minnesota 17-3 and Stanford downing Tulane 17-14. UCLA's offense sputtered but its defense was tenacious. Stanford overcame a

### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Jerome Persell, a 5'9", 182-pound senior tailback, tied an NCAA mark with his third consecutive 200-yard rushing effort, gaining 209 yards in 37 carries as Western Michigan trimmed Bowling Green 24-20.

**DEFENSE:** Richmond, which had lost four games by 11 points, upset 14-point favorite Cincinnati 51-28, as 6'4", 195-pound Free Safety Jeff Nixon made 18 tackles and ran back an interception 64 yards for a TD.

14-3 deficit, going ahead in the fourth period on a 22-yard pass from Steve Dills to Ken Margerum. But the Cardinals' main man was Darrin Nelson, who scampered for 200 yards and had a 22-yard touchdown run.

The Pac-10's newest squads, Arizona and Arizona State, also upheld the conference's honor with victories against non-conference opponents. The Wildcats beat Iowa 23-3, and the Sun Devils downed Texas-El Paso 27-0.

A 27-23 win over New Mexico left Brigham Young alone at the top of the WAC. Cougar fans brought a seagull to the game in Albuquerque, and as it took to the air so did Marc Wilson, who completed 24 of 40 passes for 293 yards.

In an even wilder game, the fourth-highest passing yardage in NCAA history (536 yards) was recorded by David Springs of New Mexico State, and teammate Jeff Evans' 15 catches (for 316 yards) was also the fourth-best mark. Despite Evans and Springs—who hit on 31 of 59 tries, passed for four touchdowns and ran for a fifth—the Aggies lost. It was Southern Illinois, with Burnett Quinn racing for 201 yards and three touchdowns, that beat them 43-39.

Big Sky leader Northern Arizona trailed 26-7 at Idaho, then rallied to win 34-29. In another high-scoring conference tussle Montana State beat Boise State 31-29.

#### 1. USC (4-0)

#### 2. UCLA (3-1) 3. STANFORD (3-1)

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by JIM KAPLAN

It was another big-money year for baseball. Attendance climbed to a record 40-million-plus, and by attracting 3,347,845, the Dodgers became the first team to draw three million at home. In the bidding wars, 14 free agents signed multiyear contracts of \$500,000 or more, topped by the \$3.1 million the Milwaukee Brewers spent on Outfielder Larry Hise. Free agents again figured prominently in pennant races, most notably Hise and Pitchers Mike Torrez of the Red Sox, Rich Gossage of the Yankees and Terry Foster of the Dodgers. However, in the American League West, Texas and California spent heavily on free agents but lost out in the division race to Kansas City, which stood pat. Pete Rose, who will be the most sought-after 1978 free agent if he decides not to sign again with Cincinnati, tied a National League record by hitting in 44 straight games and joined the 3,000-hit club. He finished the season eighth on the all-time list with 3,164 hits. Overall, though, batting averages dropped from .264 in 1977 to .257 in '78.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

The two-team race in the East was mainly the result of the heroics of two men: New York Pitcher Ron Gaudry and Boston Outfielder-Designated Hitter Jim Rice. Gaudry led the majors in wins, ERA and shutouts. His nine shutouts were the most in the league since 1916, when Babe Ruth also had that many. Gaudry's winning percentage of .893 was the highest ever by a 20-game winner and his 18-straight performance on June 17 nearly set an AL record. Rice led the majors in homers, RBIs, hits, triples (15) and slugging percentage (.600); he also became the first American League slugger since Joe DiMaggio in 1937 to total 400 bases. Thirty of Rice's homers tied games or gave the Red Sox a lead.

Under its new manager, George Bamberger, Milwaukee had its best season (93-69). Hise (.286, 34 homers, 116 RBIs) and Pitcher Mike Caldwell (.22-9, 2.37) kept the Brewers in contention. Baltimore's Jim Palmer won 20 games for the eighth time, and Rich Dauer of the Orioles set league records for a second baseman by going 87 games and handling 425 chances without committing an error. Ron LeFlore's running, Rusty Staub's hitting (121 RBIs) and Jack Bellingham's (15-8) and Jim

Slaton's (17-11) pitching gave Detroit the best fifth-place record (86-75) in baseball history. Cleveland's Andee Thornton finished among the league's top four in homers, RBIs, runs and walks, and Gary Alexander led the world in striking out (166). Toronto again finished with more than 100 losses.

Kansas City's pitching was responsible for the Royals' winning their third straight division title. Dennis Leonard won 21, Paul Splittorff 19, Larry Gurn 16 (including the pennant-clincher last week) and Rich Gale 14, while Al Hrabosky had 20 saves. California relied on Frank Tanana (18-12) and a surprisingly powerful attack led by Don Baylor's 34 homers and 99 RBIs to keep the race close until last week. Texas had Jim Sundberg's 22-game hitting streak, Al Oliver's punch (.324, 14 homers, 89 RBIs) and 35 doubles and too much squabbling. Minnesota's Rod Carew took his seventh league batting title, only Ty Cobb (12) and Honus Wagner (8) have more. Oakland made more news off the field than on, a move to Denver that fizzled, several games broadcast on a 10-watt college radio station, a deal that sent Vida Blue to the Giants for seven players. Chicago fired Bob Lemon in midseason and hired Larry Doby as baseball's second black manager. Seattle, with baseball's worst record (56-104), settled for the first pick in the 1979 free-agent draft.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Dodgers were no longer the Happiness Boys, but they repeated as Western Division champions, anyway. In fact, a clubhouse brawl between Pitcher Don Sutton and First Baseman Steve Garvey on Aug. 19 seemed to inspire them; they won 22 of their last 37 games. An unexpected hero was rookie Pitch-

er Bob Welch, who joined the club on June 20 when it was 5½ games out. Welch went 7-4 and clinched the division title last week with a 4-0 victory over San Diego. Burt Hooton (19-10, 2.71) was the mainstay of the staff. Foster (22 saves) was the top reliever, and Garvey (.316 with 21 homers and 113 RBIs) and Reggie Smith (.295, 29, 93) were the biggest hitters. George Foster repeated as league home-run and RBI champion, but having traded or lost some of his best pitchers to free agency, the Reds needed 25 wins from Tom Seaver. He threw his first career no-hitter and struck out 200 men for the 10th time in 11 seasons, but his record (16-14) wasn't terrific. Led by the pitching of Vida Blue (18-10) and Bob Knepper (17-11) and young Jack Clark's hitting (.306, 25, 98), the Giants were surprising contenders and won a record 42 one-run games. Along with its first winning season (84-79), San Diego had a Fireman of the Year (Rollie Fingers) and candidates for the Cy Young Award (Gaylord Perry) and Rookie of the Year (Shortstop Ozzie Smith). Houston's J. R. Richard became the first National League right-hander in this century to strike out 300 batters. Atlanta brought up Jim Bouton, who had not pitched in the majors since 1971. He had a 1-3 record—and only two bad innings.

To win their third straight division title, the Phillies relied on Shortstop Larry Bowa, who hit .294 and committed only 10 errors, and Pitcher Dick Ruthven, who was 13-5 after being reacquired from the Braves on June 15. Pittsburgh won 24 straight at home as Dave Parker, who repeated as batting champ with a .419 average in September, contended for the Most Valuable Player award and Don Robinson (14-6) for Rookie of the Year honors. Bill Buckner (.323), Dave Kingman (.28 HRs), Mike Krukow (.9-3) and Bruce Sutter (.27 saves) helped make the Chicago season a success. Ross Grimsley (20-11) used several thousand changeups to become Montreal's winningest pitcher ever. St. Louis had no .300 hitters or 15-game winners but did get 39 errors from Shortstop Garry Templeton. New York also had no .300 hitters, and its chances of having a big winner on its staff were ruined when Pat Zachry, who had been 10-3 at the All-Star break, got angry, kicked a dugout step and missed two months because of a broken foot. **END**

## THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

### BATTING

Average  
Runs  
RBIs  
Hits  
Homers  
Steals

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Carew, Minn. .333  
LeFlore, Det. 126  
Rice, Bos. 139  
Rice, Bos. 213  
Rice, Bos. 46  
LeFlore, Det. 69

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

Parker, Pitt. .334  
DeJesus, Chi. 104  
Foster, Cin. 120  
Garvey, L.A. 202  
Foster, Cin. 40  
Moreno, Pitt. 71

### PITCHING

Wins  
ERA  
Shutouts  
Strikeouts  
Saves

Gaudry, N.Y. 25  
Gaudry, N.Y. 1.74  
Gaudry, N.Y. 9  
Ryan, Calif. 260  
Gossage, N.Y. 26

Perry, S.D. 21  
Swin, N.Y. 2.43  
Knepper, S.F. 6  
Richard, Hou. 303  
Fingers, S.D. 37



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NCAA Executive Director Byers (left) and enforcement officer Hunt kept cool under fire



## It was a trial but worth it

*The congressional investigation of the NCAA's enforcement practices, though flawed, may lead to needed changes*

After 12 months, 50 witnesses and 70 hours of testimony, the hearings of the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations on the enforcement practices (and malpractices) of the NCAA ground to a conclusion last week, having failed to prove 1) that Executive Director Walter Byers is a law unto himself, exercising an insidious will over the justice branch of the NCAA, and 2) that Byers' enforcement staff is a bunch of guys with dirty fingernails who run around subverting due process, a staff that pursues a Byers "hit list" of weak and vulnerable schools and conducts "vendettas" against those who do not knuckle under, but always steers clear of the "sacred cows" who provide monetary and influential milk to the NCAA.

Such a prospect had been augured last February when the hearings began amid threats and rancor. It had been, in fact, the thrust of a keynote address by the subcommittee's initial "star witness," Brent Clark (SI, Feb. 27), a defector from the

NCAA investigative force who wound up on the staff of the subcommittee. But Clark is long gone now, discredited first in print, and then by an investigative team from the staff itself. And although the hearings never really lost the bitter tone of those early prejudices (in fact, were permanently flawed by them), it would be wrong to conclude that the net result was a waste of both time and taxpayers' money.

To the contrary. The hearings performed a service that may well have a positive influence on the complex, evolving NCAA judicial code, even though the process by which it came about may be decried as no more than the "kangaroo court" that witnesses claimed the NCAA itself has been running all these years.

In a sense, the hearings had a salutary effect despite the prejudices of chairman John Moss (D., Calif.), who was never once swayed from his antagonism toward Byers and the "repugnant" NCAA en-

forcement process, even as it became evident that he did not always understand it, or wish so. On the last day of the hearings, he bragged that he cared less about organized sport than anybody on The Hill. By then, however, he had gotten in his long-awaited shots at Byers, who last October had had the temerity to defy Moss' requests for confidential NCAA files.

As Byers testified last week, Moss afforded him the kind of respect one might expect him to give a labor goon. "You mean *nothing* to this committee," Moss stormed at one point. It seemed to bother him a great deal that Byers never rose to the baiting, and parried every thrust from the subcommittee, demonstrating once more why he is the NCAA's most indispensable (if sometimes most insufferable) employee.

The hearings were marred by this tawdry display of congressional courtesy, as they were marred by Moss' righthand voice, Rep. James Santini (D., Nev.), who had promoted them out of sympathy for Nevada, Las Vegas' basketball coach, Jerry Tarkanian. Tarkanian had been caught cheating in grand style by the NCAA in 1977. Santini is an avid UNLV basketball fan and sits behind the bench. And to the end, he was still retrying the UNLV case, determined to get his pound of flesh. On the very last afternoon, in fact, he once more produced the photostat of a picture that the subcommittee discovered in NCAA files, showing Santini cheering from the UNLV press row. Thus he depicted as an example of NCAA "pseudonims" (and not, of course, his own). He demanded to know who had it made and at what cost.

This kind of nonsense was bad enough, but it was compounded by the failure of the subcommittee staff to do its homework, as evidenced by the prominent position (leadoff man) it accorded the unfortunate Clark. The staff never bothered to send a fact-finding team to NCAA headquarters until Clark himself had to be investigated, and the extent of its plumbing the true source of NCAA enforcement procedure—the Committee on Infractions—consisted of two men "having a beer" with Professor Charles Wright of Texas and Dr. Bill Matthews of Kentucky, both infractions committee members, at the NCAA convention last

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\$60.00 a month	\$1440.00	\$2880.00	\$4320.00
\$75.00 a month	\$1800.00	\$3600.00	\$5400.00
<b>After Three Years</b>			
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January. That was a gross failing, because the Committee on Infractions is the architect of the entire judicial system, the ultimate authority over the investigative staff and the judge and jury of those caught violating NCAA rules.

Ironically, in its final (and only) defense, with its most prestigious voices being heard, it was the NCAA's own inability to clarify thorny issues and questionable procedures that make the subcommittee's cries for reform valid—and the report it will render before the next NCAA convention in January an important document.

For, again ironically, it was not the beleaguered Byers who withered under exposure, nor his principal enforcement officers, Bill Hunt and David Berst; it was the five members of the Committee on Infractions and NCAA President Neils Thompson. They were simply unable to dispel the doubts and explain what all the whys and wherefores are there for.

Thompson made a gentlemanly effort to conciliate with his testimony, but came off giving the impression that if Moss (who loved the testimony) had asked him to turn the NCAA into the Cheyenne Social Club he would "gladly look into it." The brains of the outfit, the infractions committee, which has worked so hard to forge the "cooperative system of justice" that has kept the NCAA membership from falling into a legal morass, failed to clear the muddied waters. "An unimpressive performance," said Professor Wright. "They'd made up their minds beforehand, and we didn't do a very good job explaining ours."

The implications are clear: if the men who wrote the book and administer its tenets cannot adequately defend the fairness of the system to a group of U.S. congressmen, how can they expect a sophomore linebacker or a 30-year-old coach trying to survive in the pressure cooker of big-time college athletics to embrace it?

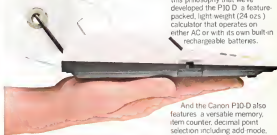
If they cannot adequately explain, as they did not, why one man's word against a single accuser still results in a penalty (as apparently happened with Michigan State Assistant Coach Charles Butler when charged by a student-athlete), then the system needs revision, if only to assuage the rest of the membership.

If they cannot adequately explain, as they did not, why a clothing discount amounting to a salary \$12.50 resulted in a football player's being ruled ineligible and the school ultimately placed on pro-

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bation (as was the case with Defensive Tackle Larry Gillard and Mississippi State University), while Ohio State got only a "reprimand" for violations that included illegal transportation payments, then the system needs revision.

If the "cozy relationship" between the infractions committee and the enforcement staff cannot be delineated without raising doubts of collusion, as it was not, and no good reason can be given for not separating the committee from the staff or adding a third group as the final judge of cases, then the system needs revision.

If it cannot be explained why "confidentiality" of findings and sentences are important to a school that has been investigated, when such secrecy raises grave doubts of equity, of just treatment and the specter of "selective enforcement," then confidentiality is a poor substitute for policy, and the system needs revision.

However, the partisan outcry of such ax-grinders as Santini clouds the fact that the infractions committee is almost always dealing with people trying to beat the system, not hopeless punks of it. Nevada, Las Vegas was "found" on 36 violations of NCAA rules, Michigan State on 34, Mississippi State on 17. The allegation of the illegal gift of a "Jolly Green Giant tote bag" in an investigation at Minnesota that drew continual sarcasm from Santini clouded over the fact that in that particular case the player had also been given illegal meals, lodging, transportation, etc.

The fact is that NCAA enforcement is not "us" and "them," but universities trying to police and judge themselves. It cannot operate otherwise—the alternative being the adversary system: cops and robbers, subpoenaed witnesses, a 1,000-man (instead of a 10-man) police force, court trials, endless litigation.

But legitimate doubts certainly have been raised that all is not right with the system. Forty-six suggestions, many dealing with better cooperation between the NCAA and schools under investigation, were made by witnesses during the eight-month hearings. Some have been implemented, others have been rejected, some are under consideration. Indeed, the hearings may have done just enough to result in the necessary compromises that lead to beneficial change. If that is so, Moss was right in at least one judgment: "Our efforts will have been worth it."

END

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The old Englishman stood there watching, unsure what he was seeing. Sixteen men in green track suits had come spilling out through the revolving door of the hotel at London's Heathrow Airport, squinting in the early-morning sun. Apparently more by instinct than desire, they had headed for a small green knoll set amid the concrete parking lots, and now they were swaying and twisting and bending and panting and cursing in a vaguely athletic sort of way. The old man turned his head to catch the voices.

What to make of the Babel of strange tongues coming to him through the airport noise? Just then a figure emerged through the door, dragging a huge net bag of black and white balls.

hold," explained Krkür Yepremian, the former tie salesman turned Cosmos general manager.) The trip had been born of corporate hubris and simple cost accounting in the executive suite of Warner Communications, the team's parent company. "We feel we can compete with the rest of the world," boasted Cosmos President Ahmet Ertegun, who then added the sequitur of sequiturs: "This tour should put us in the black."

Whatever the tour's fiscal benefits, by the time the Cosmos arrived in London, after playing in only two countries and four cities, they seemed bent on proving that American soccer could not compete against the rest of the world. Against teams of varied skills they had won once, suffered three losses and, embarrassingly, had 16 goals scored against them. "It was like a shooting gallery," said Captain Werner Roth. "Just a competition to see who could score the most against us."

But as the Cosmos suffered, Europe rejoiced. With their open checkbook and show-biz dazzle, the Cosmos have always been regarded abroad with a mixture of envy, scorn and fear. Now the fear had been replaced by derision. "The Cosmos do nothing but drink champagne, eat lobsters and smoke fat cigars," wrote one German journalist after seeing them at a birthday party for Beckenbauer in Munich.

Munich was the site of the Cosmos' first rude jolt. Bayern München, one of the top German sides, thrashed them 7-1. Weary from the grueling 42-game American season and still suffering from jet lag, the Cosmos resembled a band of quabbling tourists wishing they had never listened to the travel agent.

Through it all Coach Eddie Firmani looked like a man walking the corporate high wire, burdened with a tour he never wanted and players whose attitudes he deplored. "You can have all the bloody superstars in the world, but if you don't have a few unselfish players willing to run their tails off, you're going to get beat," he said. "The big-money players are the worst culprits here, trying to show themselves off instead of the team. This team has absolutely no character."

Following the Munich debacle, the Cosmos received a morale-boosting telegram from Warner's chairman of the

"It's a bleedin' football team, ain't it?" the old man said, chortling.

Exactly the question. At the end of August the Cosmos established themselves as the best soccer club North America could produce by winning the NASL championship for the second year in a row. Easily. But even then there were doubts that the Cosmos were really a team in the sense that any fine soccer team must be a superbly meshed machine of complementary parts. For all their undeniable talent—world-class players like Franz Beckenbauer, Carlos Alberto and Giorgio Chinaglia—the Cosmos often seemed to be simply a miscellany of tongues, glittering skills and six-figure egos too skilled to be denied. Few of the Cosmos had played with each other long enough not to need a Berlitz course. They won, and won handily, in the U.S. against other NASL clubs that were no more true teams than they were, having been assembled with equal whimsy but vastly smaller budgets.

And so here the Cosmos were, in the midst of a tour of Europe's soccer strongholds, chiefly packaged in spanking-new Ralph Lauren traveling ensembles at \$400 apiece ("We have an image to up-

*The lardy Cosmos were brought to earth in games against European teams*



*To save the night against Chelsea, the retired Cruyff did a cameo for the desperate Cosmos*

*continued*



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Of course, you may know Bucky Fuller best for his masterpiece of simplicity, the geodesic dome. This ingenious structure is one of the strongest and most efficient means of enclosing space yet devised by man. More than 150,000 geodesic domes have been built, ranging in size from small dwellings to a railroad roundhouse big enough to cover a football field.

Which brings us back to the subject of automobiles. In 1933 Bucky Fuller designed and built the Dymaxion Car. It rode on three wheels and steered by a single wheel in the rear. This design made it highly maneuverable and easy to park. It even had front-wheel drive. Sound familiar?

Here's what he told us about his Honda Civic CVCC: "Its handling feels better to me than any other car I've ever owned—except my Dymaxion."

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board. "I've never been so embarrassed in my whole life," it said, among other things. It was signed, "Disgustedly yours, Steve Ross."

"I warned them," said a gloomy Beckenbauer, talking about the Cosmos management. "I tell them 100 times you cannot play a team like Bayern on one day's rest. This is not Memphis Rogues."

Beckenbauer should know. The captain of West Germany's 1974 World Cup team had played 11 glorious seasons for Bayern, and when he returned home with the Cosmos he received a standing ovation from the crowd of 79,000, not to mention an outpouring of sympathy from his former teammates. "After the game, they asked me, 'Where does the circus go next?'" he said.

The answer: Italy, for a game against Brescia, a semi-respectable second-division club. The Cosmos won 2-1 on a goal by Chinaglia.

"George is taking this tour very personally," said Roth. "He's one of the few guys who want to play."

Fittingly, it was Chinaglia who scored the only goal in the next game, against Stuttgart, another top German team, which crushed the Cosmos 6-1. But it was in Freiburg that the Cosmos suffered their most humiliating defeat, going down 2-0 to a struggling second-division club. Overcome by the victory, the mayor proclaimed it "the greatest day in Freiburg history" and presented the Cosmos with a commemorative cuckoo clock.

And so to London. Or rather, Heathrow. Stranded 14 miles from the city because management wanted to keep a brake on nighttime rambling, the Cosmos thrashed about on their grassy knoll and wandered the halls aimlessly, grumbling at their enforced exile. "The mental attitude is the worst I've seen since I've been with the Cosmos," complained Firmiani, who stood in the hotel lobby discussing defensive tactics with Roth. As Firmiani walked through a play, he accidentally stepped on an electric mat, and an automatic exit door swung open. The symbolism was all too apparent. Rumor already had it that Firmiani was on his way out for chronic disagreements with management's policy of big-name hunting. Worse, he was headed for a confrontation with management's favorite star, Chinaglia.

Known throughout soccerdom as the sport's only playing general manager because of his special relationship with

Ross, Chinaglia readily accepts credit for bringing Firmiani to the Cosmos midway in the 1977 season, and described him as a "genius" after Firmiani guided the Cosmos to last year's championship.

The bond between the two men began to unravel this season. After Firmiani pulled Chinaglia out of a game in Memphis in June, Chinaglia threatened to punch him. Things grew worse and seemed to come apart in London two days before the Cosmos were to play Chelsea.

Hoping to tighten his sieve-like defense, Firmiani ordered a special drill, two fullbacks against a trio of forwards. Chinaglia took one turn and strode up to Firmiani.

"Eddie, this is bloody stupid."

"If the other players can do it, so can you, George. You're no different from the rest."

Chinaglia whirled, blasted a ball aimlessly into the air and stormed back to the hotel. Any other player would have been at least fined and possibly suspended. But not Chinaglia. Unfined, unsuspended, indeed, unrebuked, he grew darker, more sullen as game time approached on Tuesday.

His mood was mirrored at the box office: ticket sales had leveled at a dismal 9,600 on Sunday. On Monday morning came the surprise announcement: Johan Cruyff, the legendary Dutch star who had retired in May, would play for the Cosmos. The English papers stated he was doing it out of the goodness of his heart to rescue the sagging Chelsea gate. The more cynical said the Cosmos were ready to help Cruyff with the large financial problems he had incurred while playing in Spain, a gesture they hoped would persuade him to come out of retirement and join them next season.

But first the Cosmos had to deal with Chelsea and all it represented. "The pride of English football is at stake," said Coach Ken Shellito, "because we taught Americans the game."

And, of course, the Cosmos boasted such famous English-trained Americans as Beckenbauer, Chinaglia and Vladislav Bogievic. That Firmiani went with this array of international financiers instead of young Americans like Ricky Davis and Gary Etherington only underscored the pressure he was under to avert another catastrophe.

Even more telling was the phone call

he made on Monday to Coventry City Coach Gordon Milne saying that the Cosmos were in need of a loan. Firmiani was after Steve Hunt, the 22-year-old left winger who played a major role in the Cosmos' two championships and who at his own request had been transferred to first-division Coventry after the U.S. season for a nominal \$80,000 because he wanted to return to English soccer. On Tuesday night Milne agreed. Of course, the game against Chelsea, mired at the bottom of the first division, could not exactly be billed as a titanic struggle.

All the more surprising, then, when the largest home crowd in more than a year—some 40,000—turned out to inspect this latest curiosity from the colonies and marvel at the skills of The Great Man, as one British journalist kept calling Cruyff. Beautifully balanced and marvelously adroit, Cruyff stroled through the Chelsea defense with impudent ease. His presence on the field seemed to rouse the Cosmos as well. For once they did not yawn and roll over. Beckenbauer, in particular, looked like a man transformed, striding boldly into attack, working delicate combinations with Cruyff and generally gliding over the field as if on ice skates.

Out on the flanks Dennis Tueart and Hunt were in full cry, their sudden, surging dribbles creating constant confusion in the Chelsea defense. Only some acrobatic goalkeeping kept the Cosmos from scoring three times in the opening minutes. When the goal did come, it was, ironically, the work of two Englishmen. A burst down the left wing by Hunt, a superbly accurate cross to the far post and there was Tueart leaping to drive a volley into the net. A rout seemed likely.

But though the Cosmos swarmed around the Chelsea goal, firing a barrage of shots, they were agonizingly just off target, and Chelsea, in one of its rare sorties to the other end of the field, equalized with two minutes left. The game ended in a 1-1 draw.

"They were a lot better than we thought," admitted Chelsea's Shellito.

They had been better that night because the Cosmos' checkbook had produced both Cruyff and Hunt for the occasion. Minus those two, the Cosmos flew South and looked good again, beating an Atlético de Madrid side 3-2. Werner Roth was happy. "We played like a team," he said. And laughed. SND

## Oh, for the Orr of yore

*In his latest comeback, Bobby Orr is again playing defense for the Chicago Black Hawks after taking a 20-month sabbatical to rest his surgery-ravaged left knee*

**B**obby Orr simply doesn't enjoy himself on the sidelines. He finds little good to say about the recent hiatus in his hockey career, a 20-month layoff caused by miseries associated with his ravaged left knee. Nor was he particularly pleased last week when a far lesser ailment—a pulled groin muscle—briefly interrupted his plan to test the knee in NHL exhibitions. As his Chicago Black Hawk teammates took to the ice Thursday morning for a workout in The Coliseum in Moncton, New Brunswick, Orr restlessly roamed the building in street clothes.

"Because of my bad knee and the long layoff, I know I've got quite a way to go," Orr said, ducking into an empty dressing room, where he let off steam by twisting a metal coat hanger. "But as long as there's any chance I can play, I've got to try. I feel it's too soon to retire. I want to be a hockey player."

Despite this resolve, it was by no means certain that Orr, at 30, could avoid the athletic scrap heap. Considered the best defenseman in NHL history, Orr is also the only defenseman ever to lead the league in scoring, which he did twice when he was with the Boston Bruins. The second occasion, the 1974-75 season, also turned out to be his last full season. Orr had already undergone three operations on his left knee, and after he was operated on twice more—and played just 10 games—in the 1975-76 season, the Bruins treated him as damaged goods in contract talks, prompting him to sign a five-year, \$3 million contract with Chicago. The gimpy Orr played just 20 games for the Hawks, last appearing on Jan. 27, 1977, when he skated less than three minutes in a 1-1 tie against the Canucks in Vancouver. Three months later

Dr. John Palmer of Toronto removed bone chips and loose cartilage from the knee—operation No. 6—and put Orr's chances of playing hockey again at "one in 10."

The knee responsible for that gloomy prognosis is crisscrossed with so many scars that, in the absence of a map, Orr himself cannot tell which one is the result of which operation. With virtually no cartilage left to cushion the joint, Orr lacks strength when pushing off on skates, making it hard for him to pivot or to execute quick starts and stops. Even if he somehow defies Dr. Palmer's forbidding odds and succeeds in his comeback, Orr

concedes that his days of dazzling end-to-end rushes are over. "I got caught up-ice enough when I had good knees," he says. "I sure better not try it now. But if my knee holds up, I still think I can make a contribution to the Hawks."

With that "if" hanging heavily in the air, Orr was in the starting lineup for the Black Hawks' preseason opener in Chicago Stadium against the Montreal Canadiens a fortnight ago. As he skated out to center ice, the 9,126 fans gave him an ovation. "I had the jitters," Orr says. "It was the way I felt when I went to training camp my rookie year."

Orr worked the power play and occasional odd shifts against Montreal—Chicago beat the Stanley Cup champions 7-5—and did the same in two subsequent defeats, 4-2 to the Canadiens in Ottawa and 4-3 to the Toronto Maple Leafs in Moncton. Playing cautiously, he appeared awkward at times, as though he were some tousle-haired impostor trying to ape the real Bobby Orr's familiar bowlegged stride. Yet there were also bona fide flashes of the Orr of yore. Although he didn't score in the three games, he was credited with two assists, one on a slick between-the-legs pass against Toronto that set up a goal by Cliff Koroll. He got off other crisp passes against the Leafs, worked the give-and-go and stirred the crowd with a head fake that left Toronto Center Don Ashby completely flummoxed.

Even more encouraging was the fact that the knee had stood up. Orr was still far from being in shape—witness the groin pull, which kept him out of Chicago's 3-2 victory over the Maple Leafs in Toronto Saturday night—but there was no soreness or swelling in the knee. To the well-wishers who flocked around whenever he got off the team bus or passed through a hotel lobby, Orr kept saying, "The knee's just fine. It's not bothering me."

In his latest comeback, Orr was hoping to break a pattern that had become distressingly Sisyphean: surgery, intensive rehabilitation to get quickly back into action, then more surgery. "The one thing I had never tried with the knee was a long rest," he says. "This time I've tried that."



*Orr admits he can't dazzle rivals like the young Orr always did*

*continued*



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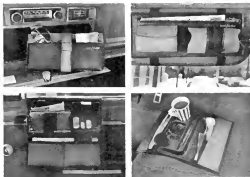


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**HEO**  
THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

1990). East of Lake Erie, many of the species that are found there are found in the Great Lakes. For example, the Great Lakes Whitefish (*Coregonus hoyi*) is found in the

**HOCKEY** continued

Indeed, after his last operation, Orr stayed on crutches for six weeks and didn't skate for a full year. Finally, last January, Chicago Coach Bob Pulford named Orr as his assistant, and Orr put on his blades to work with the Hawk defensemen. Meanwhile, he strengthened the knee by lifting weights, riding a bicycle and performing flexes and straightleg bends while watching TV. Jogging was a no-no, so he swam laborious laps in Pulford's backyard pool. Orr also helped Pulford in an administrative capacity by providing scouting reports on amateur and minor league prospects, and occasionally on future opponents.

The prevailing view among hockey people is that Orr's comeback will prove unavailing, that his bum knee will again—once and for all—betray him. This probably explains why Orr's is not among the names of 15 defensemen placed on the NHL All-Star ballots that will soon be distributed to fans.

It also explains why preseason rivals were solicitously giving him a wide berth on the ice. In one of the games against Montreal, Orr slid into the Chicago net and his left knee struck a goalpost. The knee was not affected but Stan Mikita, Chicago's veteran center, said, "You get scared when Bobby goes down like that. You wonder if this is it."

"Hockey's a fast, contact game," counters Orr. "If I can't take it, I shouldn't be playing." Orr also dismisses suggestions that by skating on the bad knee he risks crippling himself for life. "I've got an arthritic condition in the knee that's likely to bother me, but it's there. I appreciate the concern, but the damage has already been done."

Nobody wishes Orr more success in his comeback attempt than Pulford, who says that even under the best of circumstances, Orr would play far less than the 40 minutes he customarily logged in the old days. He also would sit out some games, and be called upon to move the puck to teammates rather than carry it himself.

"It's unrealistic to think Bobby can be the same player he once was," says Purford. "But if the knee holds up, he's not going to be just another hockey player, either. You could see that in the exhibition games he's played. There's no way Bobby Orr will ever be ordinary."

Maybe Orr really did have to give it another try. **END**



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A photograph of a pool table with green felt and a wooden frame. A pool cue lies on the left side of the table. A white cue ball is near the top right corner, and a red ball is in the center. Four conical pendant lights hang above the table. The text "A THING" is superimposed in the center.

***A THING***





# OF BEAUTY

The graceful, solid dignity of an English Billiards table bespeaks the charm of a game that in its varied forms—billiards, snooker or just plain pool—has fascinated its devoted followers since the invention of the cue tip.

**BY ROBERT BYRNE**



CONTINUED

**T**he contribution to human happiness made by Captain Mingaud of the French infantry has gone unrecognized. No sidewalk boasts his hand print, or any hall of fame his bust. He sits astride no bronze horse in any public park. Yet in about 1807 in Paris, when people there and in England were still pushing billiard balls around with blunt wooden poles as if they were so many shuffleboard pucks, Mingaud unveiled a new invention, the leather cue tip, thereby changing the course of billiard history. For a time he stood alone in all the world in his ability to make a cue ball spin. He could make it curve so spookily that suspicions must have been raised about the ownership of his soul. The latter part of his life was devoted to giving exhibitions that dazzled the crude and genteel alike.

Thanks to Captain Mingaud—and to others like Bartley and Carr of Bath, England, who gave us chalk around 1820; John Thurston of London, who introduced slate for table beds a few years later; and the American, Michael Phelan, who in 1856 redesigned the cushions, using vulcanized rubber—the game of pool was imbued with such a range of subtlety and richness that it metamorphosed from an idle pastime into a thing of beauty and a splendid challenge to human powers of coordination, concentration and creativity. There's now enough to the game to fascinate the finest minds. Master the practical applications of a spinning cue ball and you'll not only have a trade to fall back on, you'll be an object of wonder to children.

One of the kinds of spin you can impart to a cue ball with a properly groomed and chalked tip is backspin, called "draw" in the pool-hall subculture. Draw makes the cue ball back up after hitting an object ball. It's a technique experts use to get the cue ball into position for one easy shot after another. ("Follow," which causes the cue ball to resume a forward motion, and "Eng-

lish," which makes it curve, are others.)

The ability to make a cue ball spurt backward off an object ball is something fervently to be desired, for the draw shot is the soul of pool. Without it the game is diminished to the level of, say, bowling. However, it's a hard shot for most beginners to learn. For lack of knowledge, many earnest strivers spend years without finding the handle.

To draw the ball with consistency and control, you must have a reasonably straight stroke; a snug grip with the left hand so the cue can't stray off course; a hit on the cue ball far enough below center to suit the circumstances; and speed appropriate to the distance. Many beginners balk at hitting the cue ball more than a little below center, apparently fearing an airborne golf shot and the titters that follow a cue ball bouncing absurdly down, or even off, the table. If your cue ball refuses to draw like other people's, try hitting it lower than you ever dreamed possible; you won't miscue if your tip is chalked and your bridge is solid.

There is another secret that the beginner must absorb and make part of his personality: keeping the cue as level as possible. To hit the cue ball low, lower the left-hand support, don't raise the butt of the cue.

As any physicist or pool hustler will

tell you, a draw shot is feasible only if the cue ball is close to the same weight and size as the object ball. Unfortunately, proliferating through the saloons of America as I write is a species of undersized coin-operated table with oversized and overweight cue balls. The stark fact is that the game of pool cannot be played as God intended with an obese cue ball because, except for champions, it is almost impossible to impart proper draw action. Unable to make their cue balls back up, hundreds of thousands of average players are being denied one of life's sweetest pleasures. In some cases they impute their failures to personal inferiority and drink more than they should. A noble game is being eviscerated, and yet the government remains indifferent. The public has a serious grievance that is not being redressed. Violence seems inevitable, though nothing I say should be construed as advocating it.

A surprisingly large part of pool skill is attributable to attitude and concentration. When the pressure is on, the player with the best control of his mind, nerves and emotions has a big advantage.

You should try to play with confidence, even if you have little reason for having any. The sooner you act like a good player, the sooner you'll become one. I don't mean you should swagger,

pose, brag and sneer like some of the insufferable clowns you see at tournaments, but I do mean you should cultivate an air of command. When it's your turn to shoot, don't come to the table with your face revealing fear and indecision; step right up as if everything were under control. Handle the chalk and cue so as to create an illusion of easy familiarity. Survey the mess on the table as if a computer were whirling in your head, producing printouts of favorable odds. For your brain is like a computer, and if you practice enough it will make decisions on a subconscious level about speed, hit and spin. When that happens, people will begin say-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DICKRAN FALLAIAN



ing that you have a feel for the game.

Acting like a good player, even though you are miscast in the role, is not so much for the purpose of frightening your opponent as it is to build up a feeling of confidence within yourself. In many areas of life and pool, a confident mental attitude is almost as important for success as luck, or cheating. You must be able to make cold-blooded assessments of percentages, but once you decide to try a certain shot it pays to do so with forthrightness, even ebullience. You've got to believe that you can make the shot, that you *will* make it. At the moment of truth there is no room for pessimism. Once you allow yourself to start worrying about how hard the shot is, how poor your chances are of making it; how bad you are going to look if you miss; how embarrassing it will be to lose the game ... well then, that exquisite machine you've been fine-tuning is almost sure to belch, backfire and run off the tracks.

Phrased as an apothem, mental control is as important as cue-ball control.

I play pool and billiards for fun, not for financial reward and not for my health. There is little money in the game. People who think they can make a decent living, or any kind of living, as pool hustlers or tournament players and who set about honing their skills to that end are making an error in judgment of appalling dimensions. Petty thievery is a more profitable career than pool hustling, which it resembles, requires less talent and training and is equally devoid of promise.

That playing pool and billiards is somehow good for your health is a tack once taken by equipment manufacturers and industry flacks. I don't think the game is detrimental to health, but it is on recreational rather than medical grounds that I recommend it. There surely were more invigorating physical things to do even in 1881, when *Modern Billiards* by H. W. Colliender appeared. That great book quoted a Dr. Marcy, "the well-known American physician," as follows:

"One of the pleasantest and easiest means of regaining and retaining health is to introduce into private houses a billiard table, and to present it to the entire



Willie Hoppe

family as a means of daily exercise. ... The most indolent and stupid will, by practice, soon acquire a fondness for the game; and the improvement in the sanitary condition of those who habitually indulge in it will commend it in the strongest manner to the heads of families. We also advocate the game of billiards in families from a moral as well as a sanitary point of view. Young America is naturally 'frisky' ... and fond of excitement and fun. ... Give them a billiard table so that body and mind can be amused and invigorated, and the attractions and pleasures of home will be superior to those beyond its boundaries."

As Professor Ned Polsky (State University of New York at Stony Brook) pointed out in his seminal work on the sociology of the game, *Hustlers, Beats, and Others* (Aldine, Chicago, 1967), the billiard world has always been divided into two main streams, the public room on the one hand and the private club and home on the other, with little leakage between them. Tournament promoters had players dress in tuxedos to blur the distinction, but this never really fooled anybody. While my own career has been conducted almost entirely in public facilities—Walt and Hank's in Boulder, Colo. when I was pursuing an engineering degree, Palace Billiards in San Francisco when I was editing a trade journal, and now Harry's in Novato, Calif. while I relax in the interval between jobs—I think I would be better suited temper-

amentally to the quieter confines of a paneled clubroom or a stately mansion, with liveried waiters fetching my tea.

A family can have a lot of fun on a department-store pool table costing only a couple of hundred dollars. The fake wood, composition bed, unpredictable cushions and generally flimsy construction permit luck to overwhelm skill. Shoot hard and the balls will land on the floor; shoot softly and they'll roll like eggs. A cheap table will frustrate even the best player's intentions, and there is always the amusing possibility that it will collapse completely.

Such a game can be fun, but it can't be pool. A real game of pool requires a table costing considerably more than a couple of hundred dollars. It has to be at least seven feet long, otherwise so much maneuvering room is lost that the game becomes farcical. It has to be heavy enough so that if somebody bumps it the balls won't rearrange themselves. It has to have a slate bed because slate doesn't warp and is rigid enough not to act as a trampoline for the balls. Slate can take the punishment that children and drunks dish out.

Slate, unfortunately, is heavy, which means that furniture designed to hold it must be heavy, too, and well made. You can't buy a piece of heavy, well-made furniture for less than \$400, at least not one shaped like a pool table. The cheapest slate table made by Brunswick, the largest manufacturer of billiard equipment in the U.S., has a playing surface four feet wide and eight feet long and sells for about \$400. From the point of view of a player rather than an investor, collector, cabinetmaker or interior decorator, the most durable table you can buy new is probably Brunswick's Gold Crown, which has the regulation tournament dimensions of 4½' x 9' and retails for about \$2,000. You can pay \$10,000 for beautiful antiques and replicas of antiques.

Two thousand dollars isn't out of line when you consider that a fine pool table costs almost nothing to use and will last forever. Aside from cloth and cushions, there is nothing to wear out. Further, a good table retains a substantial resale value, while a table that was junk to begin with is destined only for the dump.

You can still buy a decent pool cue for less than \$10. It will last for years without warping or splitting. It won't have inlays of exotic woods and mother-of-pearl, but if pointed in the right direction and thrust smoothly forward it will knock balls into pockets with soul-satisfying regularity, beyond which not a great deal should be asked of a cue.

If you want to carry a cue from place to place without accidentally prodding people, you'll need one that comes apart in the middle, which adds \$10 or \$20 to the price. If you also want well-seasoned wood, superior workmanship, a twine or leather grip and a few decorative touches, you'll have to pay between \$30 and \$60. Beyond that you'll be buying mainly additional ornamentation and the mystique of a highly regarded cue maker's name, factors which contribute to resale value and personal satisfaction but don't enable you to play markedly better. Quality of play is probably more affected by the leather tip than by the cue. Give Willie Mosconi a broomstick with a good tip and he'll make some remarkable shots.

A cue should be within half an inch of 57" long, provided you have a normal wingspan and are between 66" and 76" long yourself. Leaving aside the special needs of tiny people as well as normal-sized people trying to cope with miniature home tables, a pool cue should weigh between 16 and 21 ounces. The diameter of the tip should be between 11 and 13 mm. The "right" size and weight are whatever feels best in your hands.

If you are shopping for a cue, talk to a dealer who specializes in billiard supplies or to the proprietor of a billiard room who has cues for sale. Some sporting-goods stores and department stores sell cues, but on such premises it is hard to find clerks who are sensitive to the nuances of weight, size, balance, taper, flexibility and craftsmanship. Usually all they will know about a cue is how to record its sale. In no case buy a cue that breaks down into more than two parts, has a tip that screws on, is painted in festive colors or is made in Taiwan. Made in Japan is O.K.; the Adam



line, made there, is one of the best.

It's easy to make a cue last a lifetime. Don't boil it or freeze it in the trunk of a car. Don't lean it against a wall for years. If you lose a game to a complete idiot, hit the edge of the table in anger with something other than your cue. Don't sword fight with it, even in jest. Never poke anything with it other than cue balls. Don't store it near kindling. Withhold it from pets and offspring.

A dirty cue and a sweaty hand tend not to slide smoothly over one another. If you turn to talcum powder for relief, apply it sparingly to the crotch of the thumb. Wipe the excess off your palms before touching the cloth of the table or you'll mess it up, much to the irritation of people like myself. Next time your cue feels sticky, clean the shaft with a damp cloth and dry it thoroughly, then do the same to your hands. If your hands sweat a lot, keep a dry cloth within reach. Finally, but only if needed, caress the shaft with a pad of Scotch-Brite, a product made by the 3M Company for scouring pots. It's available in the kitchenware section of most supermarkets, is just abrasive enough to remove the film of grease and grit from a cue without gradually changing it into a long toothpick and is used by billiard cognoscenti the world over.

Miscues are usually caused by a loose bridge or a crooked stroke, but scowling at the tip to divert suspicion from your-

self is *de rigueur*. Most top players like a hard tip rather than a soft one, even though it has to be roughened once in a while to make sure it will hold chalk. The contour of the tip is very important. Don't try to play with a tip that is flat or nearly flat. Take a piece of medium sandpaper, fold it over a few times to ensure proper stiffness and round the tip off to the approximate curvature of a nickel. The tip will last longer and will work best if it is exactly the same diameter as the end of the cue. There shouldn't be the slightest overhang at any point—if there is, hold the cue upside down on a flat surface, press down and trim off the excess with a sharp knife. Smooth the knife marks with fine sandpaper. Harden and burnish the edges of the tip first by moistening them, then by wrapping the end of the cue inside a matchbook cover or piece of leather and rubbing rapidly up and down. An optional cosmetic finale is to paint the sides of the tip with a black felt pen.

Putting a new tip on a cue takes some time and fussing but isn't difficult. Start with the best tip you can get, as the extra cost is negligible compared to other ways of wasting money. With a knife and sandpaper, remove the dried glue and what's left of the old tip from the end of the cue. The flat surface must remain flat, so be careful not to round off the edges. Select a tip that is slightly larger than the end of the cue and roughen the bottom of it with sandpaper. Apply a thin coating of glue to the cue and the tip. Elmer's white glue is fine; don't use epoxy or any of the new "super-glues" because they are too hard to scrape off next time around. Center the tip and press down on it with your thumb until it will stay in place by itself. Carefully stand the cue upside down in a corner as vertically as possible and leave it there overnight. In the morning trim off any overhang and shape the top of the tip.

A thin coating of chalk increases the friction between the tip and the cue ball. You can't apply spin with any assurance unless the tip is chalked. Chalking up after every shot is not overdoing it.

*continued*

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## POOL *continued*

When applying chalk, don't spin the cue into it with the flat of your hand. Hold the cue still and use a rocking motion of the cue. Look at the tip to make sure it is coated completely; if it is not, touch it up with light brush strokes.

If you want to be regarded as thoughtful or if you are deliberately trying to irritate your opponent, leave the chalk on the opposite rail, where he has to walk all the way around the table to get it, or put it absentmindedly in your pocket. I advise against spitting in it in the hope of causing your opponent to miscue; that tactic has been known to lead to compound fractures of the thumbs.

A habit deplored by refined pool players is putting the chalk upside down on the rail. The resulting smudges get on the cloth and on everybody's hands and clothes. Always lay the chalk down exposed side up. If you don't, onlookers may conclude that you tend toward the slovenly in other areas of life as well.

When you grasp the cue, don't clench it like a baseball bat with the thumb and all the fingers tightly encircling it; nor should you hold it delicately with just the fingertips like a fop holding a teaspoon. Most players enclose the cue lightly but firmly with the thumb and forefinger. Another finger or two can rest lightly on the underside. At the limit of the backswing, just the thumb and forefinger touch the cue; at the end of the follow-through, all of the fingers grip it. Don't lay the thumb along the top of the cue because that blocks proper wrist action. Don't lock the wrist.

The position of the right hand can vary somewhat from shot to shot. For a soft shot requiring maximum precision in speed and English, one for which the right touch or feel is critical, move the right hand forward to the front of the wrapping, a few inches behind the balance point. For shots requiring maximum force, position the hand at the rear of the wrapping. On most shots the right hand should be about six to eight inches behind the balance. When you are ready to hit the cue ball, the forearm should be roughly perpendicular to the floor.

Please do not write in to point out that two of the greatest players of all time, Willie Hoppe and Ralph Greenleaf, violated these and other precepts. There are professionals in every sport with peculiar styles. Talent, years of heavy practice and a fanatic will to win can com-

pensate for any number of flaws in technique. Those of us who have better things to do than play pool all the time had best stick to orthodox methods.

Simply laying the cue across the left hand in the groove formed by the thumb and forefinger provides an unobstructed view of the shaft and is O.K. for shots that can be stroked softly, that require no English. Beginners who use such a bridge, as the lefthand support for the cue is called, on every shot shouldn't be ridiculed too much for it. The open, or V-bridge, is serviceable—even professional players use it on occasion—and beginners have enough to worry about without being forced into uncomfortable and distracting hand positions. Later, though, they'll have to find a satisfactory closed bridge with the forefinger encircling the shaft, the best insurance against miscues and the only way to apply draw, follow and English with security.

Once you've selected a shot and are in the aiming crouch, move the cue back and forth to get the feel of how fast the stroke will have to be. Take a few more practice strokes while concentrating on the aim, making fine adjustments if they are called for. When you feel you are on target, take one or two more rhythmic strokes and strike the cue ball evenly, following straight through.

Don't dillydally once you are in the aiming crouch. The human eye can't stay focused on a point for very long and neither can the brain. Don't hurry, but don't drag things out, either. Find the aiming point, take a few smooth, authoritative warmup strokes, and fire. Study top players and you'll notice that they don't waste much time. Sawing the cue back and forth endlessly erodes your confidence and strains the patience of your opponents and loved ones.

A good stroke is not easy to teach because it is partly instinctive. If you feel your stroke leaves something to be desired, study an expert and try to imitate the way he handles the cue when addressing the cue ball; better yet, ask him to give you a lesson. In the meantime, review the following checklist, an amalgam of my own convictions larded with the tested wisdom of yesteryear:

- Decide on what to do before bending over.
- Plant your left or bridge hand closer to the cue ball for soft shots than for hard ones.

- Make sure your bridge is snug.
- Grip the butt of the cue farther forward for soft shots than for hard ones.
- "Place the cue tip nearly against the cue ball and exactly at the point you intend to strike it." (J.F.B. McCleery, *The McCleery Method of Billiard Playing, Containing One Hundred Elegant Engravings*, Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco, 1889.)
- Keep the cue as level as possible at all times, even on draw shots, unless you want to make the cue ball curve or jump.
- Take a few warmup strokes to get the feel of the force required and to refine the aim.
- Warmup strokes should be smooth, easy, silky, straight, graceful, flowing, measured, authoritative and solid, not hurried, crooked, "pokey and inelegant." (Arthur Peall, *All About Billiards*, Ward, Lock & Co., London, 1925.)
- Don't lock the right wrist.

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*Excerpted from "Byrne's Standard Book of Pool and Billiards," published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.*

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- Take at least three warmup strokes but not more than six or eight, except on unusually delicate or difficult shots. "Avoid excessive preliminary fiddling." (*Daly's Billiard Book*, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1913.)
- During most of the warmup strokes and especially on the last one, the cue tip should move from close to the cue ball all the way back to the bridge hand. (Welker Cochran, *Scientific Billiards*, Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., Chicago, 1942.)
- At the last instant, look either at the cue ball or at the object ball—in fact, closing your eyes should have little effect once you've found the aim and grooved your stroke.
- On the power stroke, the cue should come forward faster than it did during the warmup strokes.
- Use some wrist action in hitting the cue ball.
- Hit through the cue ball without any feeling of checking your stroke, even on draw shots. "Let the ball have that last finishing caress." (Willie Hoppe, *Thirty Years of Billiards*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925.)
- Follow through at least as far as you draw back.
- Don't try to "steer" the cue ball during

the follow-through by swerving the cue tip to one side or the other. Develop a perfectly straight delivery that doesn't veer toward the side of the English.

• Everything but your right arm should be motionless when the cue ball is struck. "The striking motion should be confined to the wrist and arm and chiefly to the lower division of it. . . . Persons who throw their bodies forward after the cue would do well to renounce the game, for that quality totally unfits them for the delicacy of touch and firmness of body, eye, and purpose which are the grand essentials of success." (H. W. Collender, *Modern Billiards*, Trow's Printing and Book-binding Co., New York, 1881.)

• Keep your hand on the table until the follow-through is completed.

• Don't let go of the cue until the follow-through is completed.

• Don't "baby" the ball. "A good stroke must be made crescendo, that is, increasing in speed until contact. . . . Timidity will cause you to 'spare' the shot, with a resultant fizzle." (*Daly's Billiard Book*.)

• Because God hasn't given us the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, as the Scottish bard Burns discovered 200 years ago ("giffie gie us" is how he put it, if memory serves), entrust these instructions to a friend while you are practicing and have him criticize your stance, bridge, grip, stroke and follow-through.

• When you miss a shot during a game, step away from the table with good grace. Redouble your resolve and await your next opportunity without morbid brooding about the shot you missed.

• If you lose, so what? It's only a game, a game as thrilling as skydiving but cheaper and not as hard on the joints. Don't explain to the winner how lousily you played; congratulate him instead on a fine performance—after all, he beat a terrific player.

• Because a poor loser is such an ugly spectacle, pursue excellence rather than victory at all costs.

• Ignore the words of Will Johnston of Peacock Gap, Calif. "Show me a man who doesn't cheat and I'll show you a man that I can beat."

• When confronted by a hysterical and possibly homicidal loser, remind him of what the English physician Sir Astley Cooper said. "We should all sleep more soundly if we made it a rule to play billiards an hour or two each evening" (*Modern Billiards*)

# Yesterday

by DONALD HOMIG  
as told by LES BELL

DESPITE THE LEGEND, ONLY THE BASES WERE LOADED IN THE 1926 SERIES WHEN "PETE" ALEXANDER AMBLED TO THE PITCHER'S MOUND



*One of the most frequently reported moments in World Series play occurred in 1926 when the aging Grover Cleveland Alexander came out of the St. Louis Cardinal bullpen to strike out New York Yankee rookie Tony Lazzeri with the bases loaded to save both the game and the Series for the Cardinals. Of the many stories that have been written about the incident, most tend to confirm the legend that the hard-drinking Alexander, who had beaten the Yanks the day before, was suffering from a post-celebration hangover. But listen to the account of an eyewitness, Les Bell, now 76 but then the Cardinals' 24-year-old third baseman:*

I can see him yet, walking in from the leftfield bullpen through the gray mist. The Yankee fans recognized him right off, and you didn't hear a sound from anywhere in Yankee Stadium as they sat still and watched him. And he took his time. Grover Cleveland Alexander was never in a hurry, and especially

not this day. It was the seventh inning of the seventh game of the World Series and we were leading 3-2. Alec had won two games for us already and he was coming in now to face a tough young hitter with two out and the bases loaded.

I can still see him walking that long distance. He just came straggling along, a lean old Nebraskan, his face wrinkled, wearing a Cardinal sweater, his cap sitting on the top of his head and tilted to one side—that's the way he wore it. We were all standing on the mound waiting for him—me and Rogers Hornsby (who was our manager and second baseman) and Tommy Thevenow and Jim Bottomley and Bob O'Farrell. When Alec reached the mound Rog handed him the ball and said, "There's two out and they're drunk [meaning the bases were loaded] and Lazzeri's the hitter."

"O.K.," Alec said. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to throw the first one to him fast."

"No, no," Rog said. "You can't throw him a fastball."

Alec said patiently, "Yes I can. If he swings at it he'll most likely hit it on the handle, or if he bats it good it'll go foul. Then I'm going to come outside with my breaking pitch."

Rog looked him over for a moment, gave a slow smile and said, "Who am I to tell you how to pitch?"

To show you what kind of pitcher Alec was and the kind of thinking he did, he said, "I've got to get Lazzeri out now. Then in the eighth I've got to get Dugan, I've got to get Collins and I've got to get Pennock or whoever hits for him—one, two, three. In the ninth I've got to get Combs and I've got to get Koemp. one, two, so when the big son of a bitch comes up there [meaning Babe Ruth, of course the best he can do is tie the ball game." He had it figured out that Ruth was going to be the last hitter in the ninth inning.

So we all went back to our positions and Alec got set to work. He had gone nine the day before, and if he got out of this jam he still had two more innings to go. He was nearly 40 years old—but, dog-gone, there wasn't another man in the world I would have rather seen out there at that moment than Grover Cleveland Alexander.

After Alec had pitched the sixth game, Hornsby said to him and Bill Sherdel, another of our pitchers, "Alec, you're in the bullpen tomorrow and, Sherry, so are you."

Sherdel just nodded, but Alec said, "All right, Rog. But I'll tell you, I'm not going to warm up in the bullpen. I've got just so many throws left in this arm. I'll take my warmup pitches on the mound."

And that's the way it was left. So when you hear those stories about how Alec didn't think he might have to pitch the next day and was out all night celebrating and how he was hung over when he came in, that's a lot of bunk. I saw him around the hotel the night before, for goodness sakes. I don't say he didn't have a drink, but he was around most of the night.

Jess Haines started the seventh game for us and he pitched just fine until the seventh inning. Haines was a knuckleball

*continued*





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## YESTERDAY continued

pitcher, he threw the knuckler hard and he threw it just about all the time. His fingers had blistered from all the wear and tear, so when Lazzari—who had batted in 114 runs that season—came up, he called a halt. Rog and the rest of us walked over to the mound.

"Can you throw it anymore?" Rog asked him.

"No," Jess said. "I can throw the fastball but not the knuckler."

"Well," Hornsby said, "we don't want any fastballs to Lazzari."

We had been throwing Lazzari nothing but breaking balls away and we'd been having pretty good luck with him.

So Rog said, "O K., I'm going to bring in Pete," which is what we sometimes called Alexander.

So in came Alec, shuffling through the gloom from out in leftfield. He took his time at everything, except when he pitched. Then he worked like a machine. That arm going up and down, up and down. If you didn't swing at the first pitch it was strike one, you didn't swing at the second pitch it was strike two. His control was amazing, just amazing.

He took four warmup pitches on the mound—that's all—and he was ready. Alec was a little bit of the country boy psychologist out there. I guess a lot of the great pitchers are. He knew it was Lazzari's rookie year, and that here it was, seventh game of the World Series, two out and the bases loaded and the score 3-2. The pressure was something. Lazzari had to be anxious up there. This is not to take anything from Lazzari—he was a great hitter—but he was up against the master. And don't think when Alec walked in he didn't walk slower than ever. He wanted Lazzari to wait as long as possible, standing at the plate thinking about the situation. And he just knew Tony's eyes would pop when he saw his fastball.

There are so many legends associated with that strikeout. They say that Hornsby walked out to leftfield to meet Alec, to look in his eyes and make sure they were clear. And so on. All a lot of bunk. It's too bad they say these things. If you stop to think about it, no man could have done what Alec did if he was drunk or even a little soggy. Not the way he pitched that day, and not the way his mind was working. Everybody knows that he was a drinker and that he had a problem with it, but he was not drunk

when he walked into the ball game that day. No way.

So he got to work. The first pitch he threw to Lazzari was low, a ball. The second crossed the plate for a called strike. Lazzari then jumped on the third pitch, a fastball high inside, and hit the hell out of it, a hard drive down the leftfield line. For 50 years that ball has been just curving foul, missing being a homer anywhere from an inch to 20 feet, depending on who you're listening to or what you're reading. But I was standing on third base and I'd tell you—that ball was foul all the way.

Then you should have seen Lazzari go after a breaking ball on the low outside corner of the plate. He couldn't have hit it with a 10-foot pole.

He had struck out, and Alec shuffled off the mound toward the dugout. I ran by him and said something like, "Nice going, Alec." He looked at me with just the shadow of a smile on his lips. Then he took off his glove and flipped it onto the bench, put on his Cardinal sweater and sat down.

A lot of people think the Lazzari strikeout ended the game. You'd be surprised how many I've spoken to through the years think it was the ninth inning. But heck, we still had two innings to go.

Alec handled them like babies in the eighth—one, two, three. In the ninth he got the first two men—I threw them out from third base—and then Ruth stepped in, with two out and nobody on, just as Alec had wanted it. It would be nice to say that Alec struck him out to end it, and he nearly did. He took Babe to a full count and lost him on a low outside pitch that wasn't off by more than an eyelash.

Ruth got to first and then, for some reason that I've never been able to figure out, he tried to steal second. Bob O'Farrell gunned the ball down to Hornsby, Rog slapped the tag on Ruth and that was it.

We all froze for a second, then rushed at Alec. We surrounded him, the whole team, and pounded him around pretty good. He kept nodding his head and smiling and saying very softly, "Thanks, boys, thanks."

So many other things have come and gone now. It's a long time ago, isn't it? More than 50 years. But whenever I think of Alec walking in from leftfield, it seems like yesterday.

END

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# As I Did It

by JIM KAPLAN

FOR A WALTER MITTY, FANTASY TURNED TO FACT ON A PADDLE TENNIS COURT

Before we are athletes we are dreamers. I grew up with the usual Mittyesque fantasies. Living in Boston, I saw myself hitting shots over the Green Monster, sinking jumpers for Red and Russ, warding off sallies at the Bruin goal, catching touchdown passes for Harvard. As a teenager I branched out to individual sports, sinking a long putt to win the Masters, hitting one final overhead to take Wimbledon. But I was weak, slow and uncoordinated. Coming into adulthood I began to make peace with my inadequacies.



ies. I would, I conceded, come no closer to a championship contest than the press box.

Then I discovered paddle tennis. I had been rummaging through the racket sports, playing and discarding them one by one. Then one day I was invited to the residents' tennis courts at Stuyvesant Town, a community in Lower Manhattan, where I noticed a game of tennis unlike any I had ever seen. There was a miniature court, a low net, a deadened ball and a wooden racket. It was paddle tennis. In 10 minutes I learned to play. In 20 minutes no other racket sport mattered.

Paddle tennis is the game that Althea Gibson, Bobby Riggs and Pancho Gonzales played before going on to tennis. Gonzales says it is perfect preparation. I go a step further. I say people should play it instead of tennis. The reason is quite simple. How many tennis players are put off by a bad serve or backhand, frustrated by the long racket? The serve in paddle tennis presents no problem—it is underhand. The ball travels slowly enough that backhands are rarely necessary except at the net. And the racket is short enough (15 inches to 17½ inches) that a player never loses touch with his strokes. It is tennis without tears. You need an analogy? My friend Bill Chuck calls paddle tennis "field Ping-Pong."

Stuyvesant Town, a sedate, middle-income development of high-rise apartments, is a perfect setting for such a convivial sport. I quickly became a regular. At 9 a.m. on a Saturday or Sunday morning I would report with the three other players—photographer Jim Fesler, preschool director Chaffee Monell and novelist Michael French. The four of us—all otherwise sane, married men in our 30's—would wait, shivering in the cold, until a kid from the local recreation department ambled out to unlock the nets and support poles. Then we would set up and play for an hour. On an adjacent court was the usual raffish assortment, featuring Solly Beckel, who plays with a cigar in his mouth; Rip Camp, a distinguished Yale graduate who carries his equipment in a paper shopping bag; and Harry Murray, a mortgage broker who is unfailingly resplendent in a Pierre Cardin warmup suit.

But every once in a while, some of the best players in the East would come

out, local legends such as Sol Hauptman, Jeff Fleitman, Jack Satz and Jeff Bail. Sometimes they would get in a game with us. They were good, all right, but the underhand serve and deadened ball were equalizers. It dawned on me: In what other sport could an average player compete with the best and, sometimes, even win games?

That being so, why not take a giant step? The national men's tournament was held this year on the Stuyvesant Town courts. I signed up with Mike French to take a shot at the doubles title. Murray Geller, president of the U.S. Paddle Tennis Association, thought it a splendid idea. "You can be our George Plimpton," he said.

I found the label mildly offensive. After all, I did not intend to be humiliated. Please note that a few days before the tournament, French and I played Jeff Bail, a quarterfinalist in the previous nationals, and a less competitive friend of his. Bail was favoring a sore arm and didn't unveil his best shots, but the record will show that Kaplan and French won 6-3, 7-6. "You can write your first draft," French said.

Of course, it is tougher to play two top players. Our first-round opponents were Tommy Murphy, 18, and Tim Waugh, 20, two locals with considerable experience.

"You won't win many points," Rip Camp told me.

"Did you say many or any?" I asked.

Neither Murphy, a chunky Columbia student and tennis pro, nor Waugh, a stringy photographer's assistant, looked overpowering. Not that French and I did, either. I had come off a sleepless night, staggering to the court in my ankle and knee braces. French was the only player in the tournament competing with a one-wall paddleball racket, instead of paddle tennis racket. "Did you see that guy?" Greg Lawrence, one of the defending national champions, asked me. "Yes," I said, "my partner."

We lost the first point without much of a rally. In the second, Waugh saw me standing at the net and tested me with a zinger.

In the back of my mind I remembered a shot Jeff Fleitman, a two-time champion in the nationals, had taught me. "Take your index finger off the racket," he had said. "Let the ball knock the rack-

continued

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et back, and you'll hit a nice drop shot." I imitated his directions. The ball plopped over the net and died.

Friends, this simple yet exquisite shot is the highlight of my athletic career. An experienced player had thrown his best at me and I had put it away. I knew then that I belonged in the nationals. My fantasy was complete.

Paddle tennis was invented in 1898 by Frank Beal, the man who later popularized paddleball. Visualizing a kind of playground tennis for children, Beal designed an 18-foot by 39-foot asphalt court (half the dimensions of a tennis court) on which a game would be played with wooden rackets and rubber balls, but according to the rules of tennis. Paddle tennis became popular in New York City during the 1920s and spread West, most notably to Los Angeles.

Unfortunately, the players grew faster than the game. By the 1940s paddle ten-

nis had been taken over by sluggers who slammed overhead serves and rushed the net. Beal refused to change the rules and courts soon fell into disrepair.

In 1959 Murray Geller, a onetime national singles champion and a powerful force in the sport, pushed through some rules changes over the halfhearted objections of the aged Beal. The dimensions of the court were standardized at 20 feet by 50 feet. A single underhand serve was substituted for two overheads. The doubles lines were eliminated. The rubber ball was junked for a standard tennis ball that is punctured by a needle or pin so that it bounces 31 to 33 inches when dropped from a height of six feet. The net was lowered from 33 inches to 31—five inches lower than a tennis net at its lowest point. In singles, a rule was adopted requiring each player to hit a groundstroke before volleying.

Again the game began to grow, and again there were problems. In the 1920s

the first West Coast courts had been built 20 feet by 44 feet. For years West Coast architects continued building these undersized courts, all the while skipping on backspace and sidespace. As a result, two different versions of the same game are now played. Eastern players generally cling to the wide-open 1959 rules, while on Western courts a "bucket rule" prevents players from entering an area 12 feet from the net until the receiver makes contact with the serve. The newer Western courts are the standard 50 feet long, but because of insufficient backspace, a "lob rule" reserves the last three feet for shots that have been hit 10 feet or higher.

In the Eastern game, the advantage is heavily with the server. What makes rallies long and frequently spectacular is the ability of receivers to rush 10 feet back and 20 feet to the side to keep the ball in play. The Western game is fast and reflexive, with all four

continued

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AS I DID IT continued

players coming to the net in doubles.

If all these differences aren't confusing enough, the practitioners of platform tennis, a better-known game, insist on calling their sport "paddle." Meanwhile, genuine paddle tennis, a game that should be played in every village and dell, advances faithfully, by word-of-mouth and invitations to play. There are 50,000-100,000 players in the U.S. with strongholds in New York City, St. Augustine, Fla. and Southern California. I can't say I object. Any more and I might have been squeezed out of the nationals.

Murphy and Waugh took a 3-1 lead. We could sense that Waugh was hitting tentatively, and we began driving shots at him. Before long, we were leading 4-3, 40-30. One more point and we would need only to hold serve for the set.

A lob came back to French, high and deep. I started to call "out" but the word stuck in my throat. Mike's overhead—I see it now, frozen in time and space—fell an inch out.

There was no sensation that we were through, but the momentum began to shift. Playing Eastern rules, Murphy and Waugh rushed the net on service, crushing overheads, and slammed passing shots when receiving. Their natural superiority established, they ran out the match 6-4, 6-1.

But we had not disgraced ourselves. We took 50 points, or about 40% of the scoring, and lost some lively rallies. It is a mark of how we felt that by the end we were not thinking. "We've showed we belong in the nationals," but rather, "If only we'd won the first set."

We left the court flushed, feeling the pounding of our hearts and the sweat on our brows. I tell you, there are few thrills comparable to competing in a national tournament. As an indication of my feelings that day, a few hours later I watched the memorable duel between Affirmed and Alydar in the Belmont—and found it mildly entertaining.

Indeed, the only thing that revealed playing in the paddle tennis nationals was watching the finals. The year before, Greg Lawrence and Brian Lee, two Californians, had beaten Hauptman and Fleitman, two Brooklyn collegians. Staving off four match points in the fourth set, the West Coast team took the match 15-13 in the fifth. "It was the greatest

spectator event I've ever seen," the redoubtable Bill Chuck told me.

Well, they were at it again, these classical opposites. There were the erect and casual Californians—tennis pro Lee, suave in his dark shades, and lawyer Lawrence, almost a dead ringer for actor Richard Dreyfuss. Across the net stood the excitable Brooklynites, supported by an assortment of kids that might have come from the cast of Grease.

"This is the ultimate psycho sport," Lee had told me before the match. "You're at close quarters, the ball bounces off bodies, and people get ticked off." Indeed, Hauptman-Fleitman and Lee-Lawrence were so equal in ability that the team with one psychological advantage would undoubtedly prevail. How, everyone wondered, had the New Yorkers handled their 12 months of torment? All year long they had carried pictures of Lawrence and Lee in their wallets. Hauptman, the more volatile of the two, had shed 30 pounds and softened his image. "I'm worried about Solt," said a friend. "He's become a mensch." That is Yiddish for nice guy; nice players are not supposed to finish first in paddle tennis.

The friend needn't have worried. "If you don't cover, I'll kill you," Fleitman raged at his partner. Hauptman snarled a reply. They were ready.

Like gladiators in the Colosseum, the finalists stood in a sunken court, the crowd surging around and above them. With the balls making great cracking sounds coming off their rackets, Hauptman and Fleitman won two of the first three sets. This had been the script the previous year, and Hauptman's fans were concerned when their hero blew an overhead on the last point of the third set, threw his racket and went into a sulks.

Ah, but the Brooklyn boys were primed. Yelling, embracing, once kissing like Soviet athletes, Hauptman and Fleitman ran off six straight games to take the match. The court was bedlam. I felt the same as when the Yankees won last year's Series. I had no great love for the Bums, but I was pleased to see a rusty bunch of men triumphing over all that laid-back love. Eat your heart out, Jerry Brown.

"All this," Fleitman laughed, "for a little cup."

No, Jeff. All this for paddle tennis, the dream game.

END



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 25-Oct. 1

**BOWLING**—VESMA GRIMFELDS of San Francisco dominated Virginia National of Scotts Golf Club in 1991 pro to win the \$50,000 WPGA Chicago Classic.

**BOXING**—KIM SLENG-ILIN of South Korea won the WBC junior flyweight title in Seoul on a third-round knockout of champion Bettino Verano of Thailand.

**CHIEF**—Victor Kerekes won the 36th game of the World Championship in Rapid City, Philadelphia, when world champion Anatoly Karpov resigned after the 66th move. Kerekes's victory ended his five-to-3 lead over who had won Game 27 in one game win of victory in the match.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—Marionette won two games in less than a week and thrust itself back into contention in the NFL Central Division. Tim Lincecum, who in recent weeks had been replaced in key situations by second-year Quarterback Tommy Kramer, threw a 33-yard touchdown pass in Seattle. What put a play into play the game in the Vikings beat personally undefeated Chicago 26-20 on Monday night, then completed 20 of 31 passes for 213 yards in Minnesota whipped Tampa Bay 24-7 on Sunday. The Bears dominated the Vikings in the Vikings, for second place, a game behind Green Bay, when Dan Marino's Arthur Wirtzington swung in from the two-yard line 2:19 into sudden-death overtime, giving the Raiders a 25-19 victory. The Packers defeated Detroit 35-14 in Milwaukee to improve their record to 4-1, their best since 1977. Terrell Middleton rushed for 148 yards, 76 of them on a third-quarter touchdown run, and David Whitworth threw two touchdown passes of 41 and 19 yards to Andre Thompson. New England and Miami remained tied for the lead in the AFC East. Steve Grogan scored on a five-yard run with 31 seconds remaining to give the Patriots a 20-23 victory over San Diego and spot the Chargers coaching debut of Don Coryell. In Miami, Don Shinn threw a 10-10 third-period pass to a 46-yard touchdown pass to Nat Moore, and in the fourth quarter, Dolphins Williams scored on a one-yard plunge as the Dolphins whipped another St. Louis 24-10, in a battle of exiles, since San Francisco defeated Cincinnati 28-12. Buccaneers then, after defensive backs Anthony Leonard and Eddie Lewis manhandled the pass, and Steve DeLong threw for two touchdowns. Ronald Cowie Tighter Anderson was fired the next day, and Homer Rice replaced him. Lubbock, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles scratched their winning streaks to five. The Raiders beat the Jets 28-17 and took a two-game lead in the AFC Central. Terry Bradshaw threw two touchdown passes to Lynn Swann and completed 17 of 25 for 189 yards. In New Orleans the Rams needed two fourth-quarter field goals

from rookie Frank Cornel to hold off the Saints 26-20. Cornel, who had earlier missed two field goal attempts and an extra-point try, made good on kicks of 34 and 39 yards. Tom Fritsch heaved a 19-yard wobbly and 14 seconds remaining as Houston handed Cleveland its second straight defeat, 16-13. Atlanta recovered from an early 14-0 deficit to beat the New York Giants 23-20. The winning touchdown came on Hakeem Stanback's one-yard run with 1:52 left. Wilbert Montgomery rushed for 144 yards and scored the winning touchdown on a 14-yard sprint with 2:29 to go in Philadelphia defeated Baltimore 17-14. Joe Ferguson pushed for two touchdowns to lead Buffalo in its second straight win, 26-13, over Kansas City. Backup Quarterback Norm Wince and Craig Penney, substiting for the injured Craig Morton, directed Denver to a 28-1 victory over Seattle.

**GOLF**—GIL MORGAN defeated Hubert Green by paring the first hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the \$100,000 first-place check at the World Series of Golf in Akron, Ohio (page 34).

**BASEBALL**—Don A. Rife, a final round one-under-par 71 for a 276 total, 12 under, to win a \$100,000 PGA tour tournament in Calabasas, Calif., by two strokes over Hallett Stacy.

**HORSE RACING**—SEATTLE SLEW (\$2,800, ridden by Angel Coronado Jr., defeated Exalted by four lengths to win the \$160,000 Woodward Stakes at Belmont and became the fourth-best racing 2-year-old colt. The 1977 Triple Crown winner was named as 200 for the mile and a quarter, establishing a track record for the distance and equalling the stakes record set by Kaffa in 1984. First prize money of \$97,800 boosted the 4-year-old's earnings to \$4,075,539.

**ALLEGED**—Lester Piggott up, won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe for the second time, taking the 57th running by two lengths over Tetrat, in Paris. The 3-year-old colt was clocked in 2:26.5 on the soft turf course of about 1 1/8 miles and collected \$346,000 of the \$470,000 purse.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—CARLOS REUTEMANN, averaging 118.57 mph in his Ferrari, won the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y., by 19.7 seconds over Alan Jones of Australia. Mario Andretti, who crashed his Lotus in a pre-race warning, listed as his bid to become the first American to win his country's Formula 1 race when his back-up car blew an engine on the 27th lap.

A J. FDIY driving a Coyote averaged 104.36 mph on

Shelburne Raceway, a 9-mile oval to win the 1991 abbreviated Daily Express Indy Subseries the first try for Indianapolis-type cars ever held in England. Rick Mears ran Penske's second.

**TENNIS**—CHRIS EVERI defeated Martin Navratilova 7-6, 6-4, 6-1.

**ARTHER ASHE** defeated Brian Gottfried 6-2, 6-4, 6-4 to win a \$200,000 Grand Pro tournament in Los Angeles.

**MILPOINIS**—AWARDED By NBA Commissioner Lawrence G. Brown to the Seattle SuperSonics, Forward LINDSEY SHELTON, a 1979 first-round draft choice and \$460,000 in compensation for the New York Knicks, signing of free-agent Center Mervyn Webster.

**NAMED** As manager of the Texas Rangers, Third Base Coach PAT CORRALES, 37, replacing Billy Hunter '90, who won five C's, carries a former major league catcher. He became a Ranger coach in 1975. Hunter, who joined the Rangers as manager in June 1973, led them to a 40-33 record the rest of that season. But Texas did not do as well as expected this year, finishing third in the American League West with an 87-73 record.

**RETIRED** From the Atlanta Braves, Defensive End CLAUDE BRUMPHREY, 34, after 10 seasons. Drafted in the first round by Atlanta in 1968, Brumphrey was an All-Pro four seasons and played ten Pro Bowls.

**DIED** NEIL JOHNSTON, 48, for three consecutive years the NBA scoring leader (1993-95) of a heart attack, in Irving, Texas. Johnson, who played for the Philadelphia Warriors for eight years, became the team's coach in 1957 after a knee injury ended his career. He also coached Winthrop of the American Basketball League and was an assistant in Wake Forest and with the Portland Trail Blazers.

**DIED** HARRY MENKE, 71, the starting center for the Notre Dame football team that won the Four Horsemen and later football coach at Georgia and Mississippi, in Atlanta.

## CREDITS

Cover—James Drake. 8—Lynch. Photo—Black Star. 26-27—John Deacon. 32-33—Viktor Soud. 37—Marty. 38—Long. Stewart. 38-39—NFL. 40—Finn. James. Drake. 41-42—George. 43—Tenn. 44—Ed. Stevens. 45—New. Robinson. 46—Boris. Schermer. 47-48—Butterfly. By. Decker. Palmer. 49—Jude. Krich. 50—The Baltimore Sunpapers. 51—David. Walsh.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**TOMMY EASLER**  
Tomb Raider, E.C.

Easler, 28, shot a 12-under-par 58 on the 6,200-yard Peach Valley Country Club course in Spartanburg, only the second sub-60 round achieved by an amateur in the U.S. A. teatime, Easler had two eagles and eight birdies.



**MALCOLM JONES**  
Tomb Raider

Shooting 2,000 feet from Utah's Dead Horse Point on Snader Flats on the first night, Jones, 22, won the World Invitational Hang Gliding title. His 5:18.72 was half a second closer to the five-minute target mark than runner-up Gordon Pollock's time.



**DWAYNE SMITH**  
Blackie, G.

After swishing three defensive and to midback Dwayne, 37, a 5'11", 172-pound Southeast Bullock High senior, has rushed 98 times for 837 yards and 11 touchdowns in six games and has twice returned opening kickoff for TDs.



**NEIL CLARKE**  
Son of Baseballer, Most

No. 1 in the U.S. Tennis Association's 75-and-over division, Clarke, 76, defeated second-ranked Clarence Chaffee 1-6, 7-5, 6-4 to win the USTA indoor championship. Two weeks earlier he beat Chaffee for the girls' court title.



**TAMMIE KNAPP**  
Tomb Raider

Riding Mandy, her 5-year-old quarter horse, Tammie, 16, a junior at Glen Burnie High, won a blue ribbon in the senior command class at the Maryland State Fair. In the last five years she has won 17 ribbons at the fair, five of them blue.

**MIKE KINGSRUD**  
Tomb Raider

Make a student at Ben Franklin Junior High, was, at age 13, the youngest golfer to win the All-City tournament, whose field included four former state and three former All-City champions. In the final he beat 44-year-old Billy Hornbaker.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

**ALI**

**Sir:**

Pat Putnam's account of the Ali-Spinks fight (*One Move Time to the Top*, Sept. 25) left me quite disappointed. I did not view the fight as a sloppy exhibition by an old ex-champion. What I witnessed on Sept. 15 was a courageous performance by the best boxer of this—or any—era. The 36-year-old Ali dug deep into his admittedly dwindling resources, and came up with enough firepower to make his proclamation that he is "the greatest" hold true. Surely more attention should have been focused on Ali, instead, Putnam chose to center his article on a bewildered Leon Spinks roaring the bars of New Orleans.

GARY HOBOWITZ  
Columbia, Mo.

**Sir:**

"Sloppy" isn't the word. This so-called fight between two clowns was the worst exhibition of the sport I have ever seen. The boxing profession has fallen to a new low.

N. J. COTNER  
Canal Winchester, Ohio

**Sir:**

Maybe Ali will finally decide to hang up his gloves for good. He has made watching a boxing match as boring as watching a chess match. Please, Ali, leave in your moment of glory. Make this your last fight.

JEFF DORN  
Ridgefield, N. J.

**Sir:**

Congratulations for having had the sensitivity to show some sympathy for the troubled young gladiator, Leon Spinks. When a kid such as Spinks can come out of a ghetto to serve in the U.S. Marine Corps, win an Olympic gold medal, take care of his family and dethrone a living legend to earn—even if for only a short time—the heavyweight championship of the world, he deserves a lot more than to be portrayed by the media as a bumbling, bungling bad guy.

WILLIAM E. CARLEY  
Chicago

**Sir:**

It appears as though everyone thinks Muhammad Ali has won the world heavyweight championship for an unprecedented third time. With all due respect to Ali, he has, in fact, won the championship only 2½ times. Everyone seems to have forgotten that Larry Holmes has a 50% claim to the title. Ali has to defeat Holmes in order to become the first man to win the crown three times.

BOB STENPAK  
Grove City, Pa.

**Sir:**

While I don't know exactly how long Pat Putnam has been covering boxing, it seems to me that he is unqualified to state, as he did in his preview of the fight (*The Old Lion Eyes Leon*, Sept. 11), that Muhammad Ali at 25 would have turned John L. Sullivan "inside out." Putnam would have to be more than 100 years old to have seen Sullivan in his prime in the 1880s. Putnam should confine himself to rating boxers whom he has seen and not just read about.

BILL WISSE  
Montreal

### SEEING RED

**Sir:**

Morally it is hard to understand. On the one hand, Edy Williams' striptease in the ring in New Orleans evoked "ruthless indignation" from ABC, and happily, according to SI (*Blood, Sweat and Cheers*, Sept. 25), the incident "was not inflicted upon the network's viewers."

On the other hand, the Galindez-Rossman fight was shown on TV. This fight ended with former champion Galindez "forehead . . . soft and pulpy" from the beating he took, with a "rivulet of blood" pouring from a cut on his eye, and with Galindez completely dazed. Rossman was praised for his skill.

Why is it that ABC refused to show a "striking-looking" woman partially undressed, when even my local newspaper and SI and other publications had pictures for all to see? For my part, I would rather have been "inflicted" with the Lady in Red on TV than watch the human slaughter that followed.

DONALD D. JACOBS, V.M.D.  
Totowa, N. J.

**Sir:**

I admit to having been curious when Howard Cosell, while doing the preliminaries to the Ali-Spinks fight, abruptly announced that a disgusting event was taking place in the ring. Nonetheless, I applauded Cosell and ABC for taking the stand that by ignoring such exhibitionists they will discourage others in the future. Bruce Newman, however, lacked that same good judgment, and the infamous Lady in Red had the last laugh when he played right into her hands.

BOB PILAS  
Columbus, Ind.

### THE LIONS' ROAR

**Sir:**

The victory by Penn State over Woody Hayes and his Buckeyes (*Penn State Stares At Case*, Sept. 25) should come as no surprise to the staff or readers of SI. I'm not re-

continued



Quick, name the lowest-priced  
real sports car in America.



The sports car with the lowest sticker price is the MG Midget and quick is just one of the good words for it.

The MG Midget is not only quick, it is nimble. It brings you the athletic reflexes of rack and pinion steering, the stamina of a lively 1500cc engine, the agility of a race-bred suspension and the decisive stopping power of front disc brakes.

It is not only nimble, but very thrifty on gas. It gets an EPA-estimated 34 mpg on the highway and 23 in the city. (These figures are estimates, and the actual mileage you get may vary depending on the car's condition, equipment, and how and where you drive, and may be lower in California.)

But the best thing about any MG Mid-

get is that the car is pure fun to drive. Top-down, wide-open, blue-sky fun. If you ever thought low price meant less fun, drive an MG Midget—quick!


For your nearest dealer call toll-free (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

**MG Midget**



FOR THE MG SHIRT SHOWN, SEND \$1.25 TO: MG SHIRT OFFER, BRITISH  
LEYLAND MOTORING INC., LEBMA, N.J. 07036, SPECIFY S, M, L OR XL. ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS.





On the way up, the work may not get easier,  
but the rewards get better.

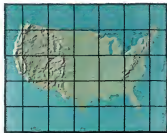
Johnnie Walker  
Black Label Scotch  
WHISKY  
YEARS 12 OLD

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 40 & 50% ALC/VOL (80 & 100 PROOF). BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



**On the Utah-Wyoming border,  
Amoco helped open up 8 new  
oil and natural gas fields  
last year.**

**And that means fewer  
dollars will be sent  
overseas for oil imports.**



**All over America, Amoco is working to make our country less dependent on foreign oil.**

Today, nearly half the oil America uses comes from foreign sources. Last year alone, our country spent \$45 billion on imported oil.

But new supplies of petroleum found here at home mean that fewer dollars have to go abroad for foreign oil. And this helps create a more favorable balance of payments situation for America.

Amoco is making every effort to cut oil imports by searching out new energy supplies throughout this country.

Out West, we're finding oil in the Overthrust Belt, a vast rocky area that includes parts of Utah and Wyoming.

The Overthrust Belt was formed when a rare historic shifting of the earth's crust caused layers of rock to overlap in complex patterns.

Scientific data gathered just a few years ago said that finding petroleum in this region was impossible. The same conditions that created deposits put them beyond reach of detection equipment.

But improved seismic technology traced the hard-to-find oil. In fact, Amoco helped open up 8 new oil and natural gas fields and participated in the drilling of over 100 wells in the Overthrust Belt since 1975. Today it's one of our country's most promising petroleum areas.

But that's only one example. Across America, Amoco is continuing the energy search. And each new discovery helps our country determine its own energy future and maintains the American standard of living by keeping the American dollar strong.

**You expect more from a leader.**



Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

# IT TAKES IMAGINATION TO CHANGE THE WAY AMERICA DRIVES.



## INTRODUCING THE 1979 PLYMOUTH



**HORIZON...THE EFFICIENCY-SIZED  
CAR THAT HAS CAUGHT AMERICA'S  
IMAGINATION.**

We were ready when you were. With a new kind of American automobile designed to handle today's driving needs, Plymouth Horizon... the first American-made car its size with front-wheel drive. It gives you a whole new sense of comfort and confidence.

### THE STABILITY OF FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE.

Horizon's front-wheel drive works wonders for you. You get outstanding traction and handling in all kinds of weather, whether it's snow or rain or wind. And Horizon handles turnpikes with remarkable stability. It literally pulls you down the highway, through turns and up hill's.



Another benefit of front-wheel drive is that it virtually eliminates the large transmission tunnel you find in most cars. That means there's more room for people.

**38 MPG HWY 25 MPG \*  
CITY**



### ROOM YOU WOULDN'T IMAGINE.

Four big adults can ride in complete comfort.

And when it's time to carry more cargo than people, Horizon's standard fold-down rear seat and convenient hatchback turns our comfortable four-seater into a



# HORIZON.

mini-station wagon.

You get a lot of other standard features, too. Like rack and pinion steering, front disc brakes, and



whitewall radial tires. And you can have the option of automatic transmission, stereo, roof rack and an assortment of sporty trims

And, as if all of that were not enough, you also get 38 miles to the gallon on the highway and 25 in the city\*

Plymouth Horizon. It's a whole new driving experience. A new sense of confidence. A new feeling of comfort

Check it out at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer.



\*EPA estimates based on manual transmission. Your mileage may vary, depending on your driving habits, your car's condition and its optional equipment. California mileage lower.



**THAT'S IMAGINATION. THAT'S PLYMOUTH.**

# Try the solution. Camel Lights.

Camel Lights. Finally, a cigarette that solves the low tar/low taste problem. Because only Camel Lights has a richer-tasting Camel blend formulated for low tar smoking.

At 9 mg tar, it delivers all the satisfaction that's been missing from ordinary low tars.

**Satisfaction. Only 9 mg tar.**



Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.